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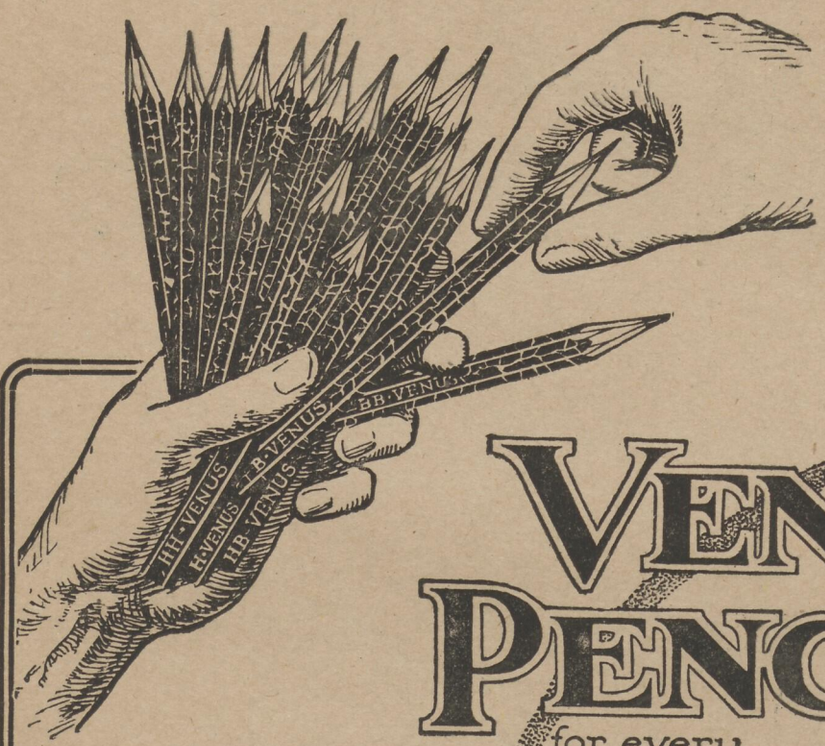

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FOREWORD

The idea of publishing a special number of "The Cologne Post" as a Souvenir number, somewhere about Christmastide, was generally acclaimed as excellent. It suffered under one irremediable handicap, however, the lateness oi its birth. To have produced a number attaining to our ideals would easily have taken months where we had only weeks. Anyway it is a unique occasion to have published a souvenir of the British Army on the banks of the Rhine.

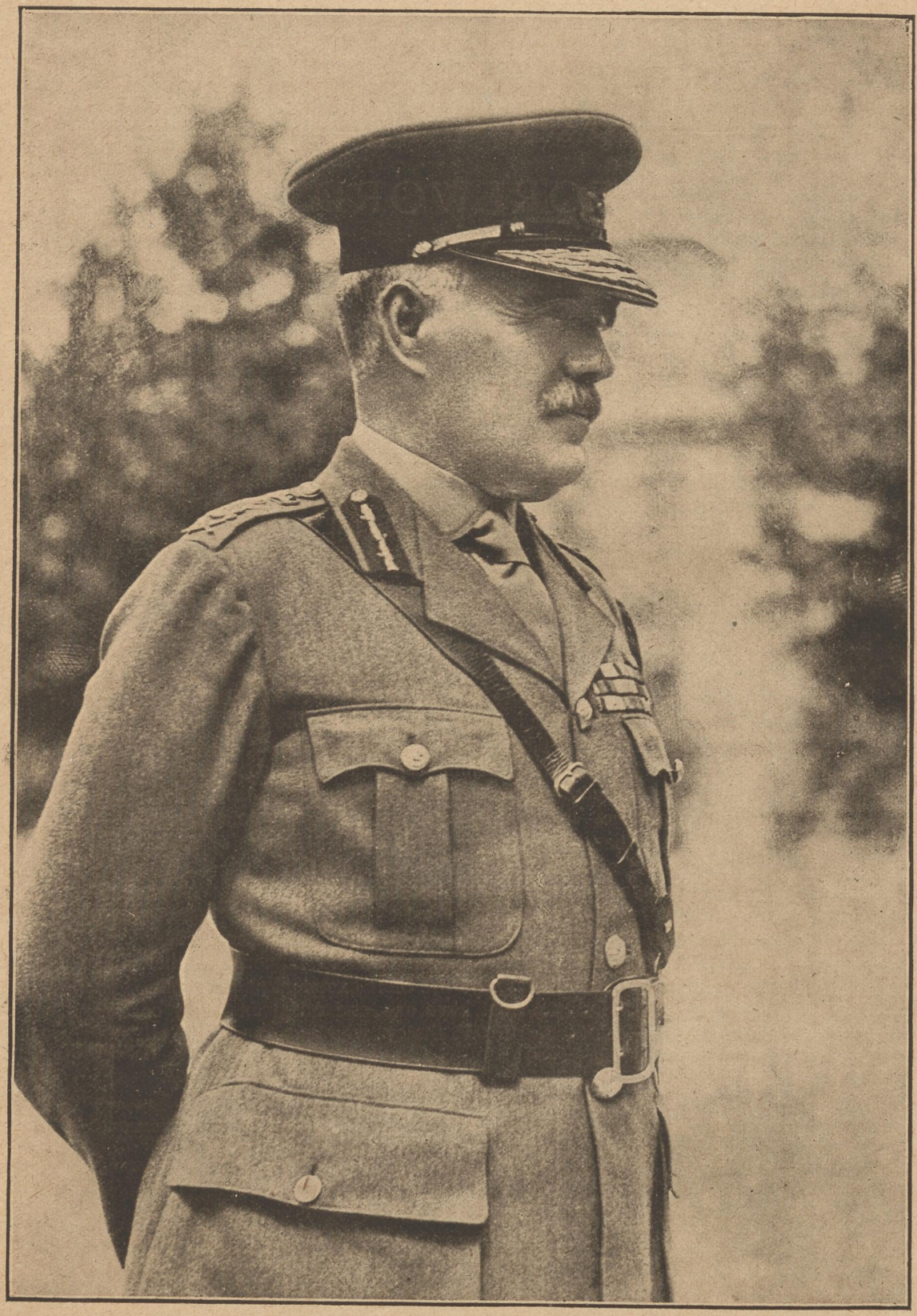
The idea was to make this a complete story of the Rhine Army Occupation, a story in which every phase of our life in Germany, official and personal, was described and illustrated. Time forbade this, but we have done all that was possible and we believe that the result will not prove an unacceptable souvenir to any one who is, or has been, in the Rhine Army.

The difficulties have been legion and it would be tedious to our readers to relate them all. We will give one example.

One of our ideas was to have a coloured cover which should convey the idea of occupation and we were informed that this could easily be done. Having offered a small prize for the most suitable design submitted by the students of the Rhine Army Art Class (General and Commercial College) we selected one, had it completed for half-tone colour reproduction and were then informed that it would take some six weeks or two months to do by that process—because Germany was without colour plates. And we were then in December! That was just one of many incidents all of similar tendency.

Our thanks are due to the various distinguished writers who have supplied the respective articles; to G.H.Q. for general assistance; to the Official Photographer ; to The Topical Press Agency; to Messrs Hunter of Buxton, and to numerous other photographers, for permission to use their excellent photographs. The staff of the Cologne Post have one and all given freely of their best, especially Lieut. C.P. Sisley who has arranged all the details for the press.

THE EDITOR.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RHINE ARMY.

General Sir William Robertson Bart., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., A.D.C., L.L.D.

The Entry into Cologne.

by PHILIP GIBBS

Author of "The Soul of the War", "The Street of Adventure" etc.

IT was at Mid-day on Friday, December 6th, that our cavalry patrols entered Cologne and rode to the Hohenzollern Bridge, so being the first British soldiers to reach the Rhine. One sentry, a lad of the 18th Hussars, was posted on the town side of the Bridge and another halfway across, opposite the town of Deutz, famous as far back as Roman times as the Bridgehead of Cologne. Facing him was a German sentry, in uniform and bearing arms, the last man of the last rearguard of the German Army. So we had reached the Rhine at last, after a journey of four and half years along a way of enormous strife, of immense and tragic sacrifice; and only those of us who had seen the heroism of our men through all those years, the sufferings they had fought their way to this river bank know, or will ever know the full meaning of that arrival on the Hohenzollern Bridge.

It was the visible proof of the victory over the greatest war machine in the world, which six months before had seemed still strong and terrible in defence and attack. That young Hussar of ours, pacing up to a chalk line on the bridge, was a symbolical figure of intense significance in the history of the world. Because he was there, crowns had fallen, old dynasties were overthrown, and a new world, for better or worse, had been created out of the death of old ideas. On that day of victory when we first came to Cologne I do not think there was any man among us who had a sense of exultation or arrogance at this proof of victory. It was rather with thoughtfulness and a sense of awe in the presence of an epoch-writing change in the world's history that we gazed over the Rhine, looked round upon the Germans about us, and remembered good friends, so many of them, who had fallen on the way.

The Germans of Cologne, on that day of our entry, behaved with dignity and self-control. Whatever emotion stirred in them—hostility or humiliation, the bitterness of defeat, the deathwound to their pride —they hid under a mask of indifference. They went about the streets of Cologne in the ordinary way, not gathering in vast crowds to see our cavalry cross the cathedral square, but just glancing sideways at these British troopers with grave eyes. Now and then little groups of the poorer classes gathered at the end of the Hohenzollern Bridge. Here and there English speaking Germans—soldiers a week or two ago, one might see by military tunics from which they had torn their shoulder straps—entered into conversation with our men, and asked when the infantry would arrive, and when we should go beyond the Rhine. They were polite and disposed to be friendly. I noticed the Germans of the middle classes stared curiously at our officers, as though trying to measure them up—these amateurs who had got the better of their professionals. The young sentry on the bridge had to answer many questions, or to evade them.

"What do they say?" I asked him, and for a moment he hesitated, then smiled and said:

"One German came up to me this morning and said 'Well, you've wound up the watch on the Rhine!' "

All of us were surprised and relieved at the absence of all outward signs or demonstrations of hatred. It was better for us that it should be so, and better for them. Some of our officers and men had anticipated ugly incidents which might lead to nasty work. If any fools started sniping.— That idea was in the head of a young cavalry officer who led the first patrol into Malmedy when the advance began across the German frontiers. I went with them, and the Lieutenant—a breezy youth - turned in his saddle and said. "I don't like this job. I can't speak a word of the language, and there may be trouble."

We went through silent pinewoods, very lonely; there was not a soul in sight. It would be easy for a German soldier, with revenge in his heart, to take a pot shot at us through these tall pillarlike trees. Some of us stared into the depths of the woods wondering if any watchful eyes were there. No sound broke this silence, and afterwards, on that Sunday morning when we went down the steep winding road into Malmedy, we were surprised by the attitude of the people—the first German crowds we met. Many of them spoke French and were friendly rather than hostile. They were frontier folk and not typical Germans in blood or speech. Perhaps, later, when we came deeper into Germany, there would be "trouble!" That ideal still haunted nervous men — nervous of having to deal severely with "franc-tireurs." There was a rumour that two of our officers had been killed near Düren. One of our officers in command of an armoured car told us this, and was gloomy regarding what might happen. There was no truth in the rumour, and as the advance continued by stages, no unpleasant incidents occurred.

We entered Cologne earlier than the original date that had been arranged on the "programme" by special request of the Bürgermeister who was afraid of anarchy. During the retreat of the Army, there had been some looting and mob-violence in the city. The sailors of the fleet began it, joined by soldiers who had demobilized themselves, and hooligans from the back streets. They had taken possession of the Rathaus, and other public buildings, raised the red flag of revolution, and

proclaimed themselves in possession of civic authority. When the seamen departed the Bürgermeister was able to restore order by means of the Bürgerwehr or Town Guard, but was still nervous of the disorderly elements in Cologne. It was for that reason that he asked for an early entry of the British troops, and it was, I think, for that reason also that all respectable people in the city found a certain relief in our presence which mitigated their sense of bitterness at the British occupation. Their fear of anarchy was greater than their wounded pride, and the British entry was a guarantee of safety to property and lives.

Very quickly the people of Cologne realised that our occupation was not harsh, though strict, and that the spirit of revenge did not animate the Governor's regulations. They resented the inevitable restrictions, but acknowledged the justice and courtesy with which most of our officers fulfilled their administrative duties. Above all, the population was won over to a friendly feeling for "Tommy Atkins." His lack of rancour, his forgetfulness of many things hard to forget, his wonderful good nature, astonished them, amused them, and stirred their admiration. They paid back for this by making him comfortable in his billets, and by making room for him in the crowded taverns where German orchestras played gay music (so that the tragedy of war might be forgotten a while) and German soldiers in half disguised uniforms or new suits of "civvies" sat at the same table with the men who had fought with them in the fields of Flanders and the Somme.

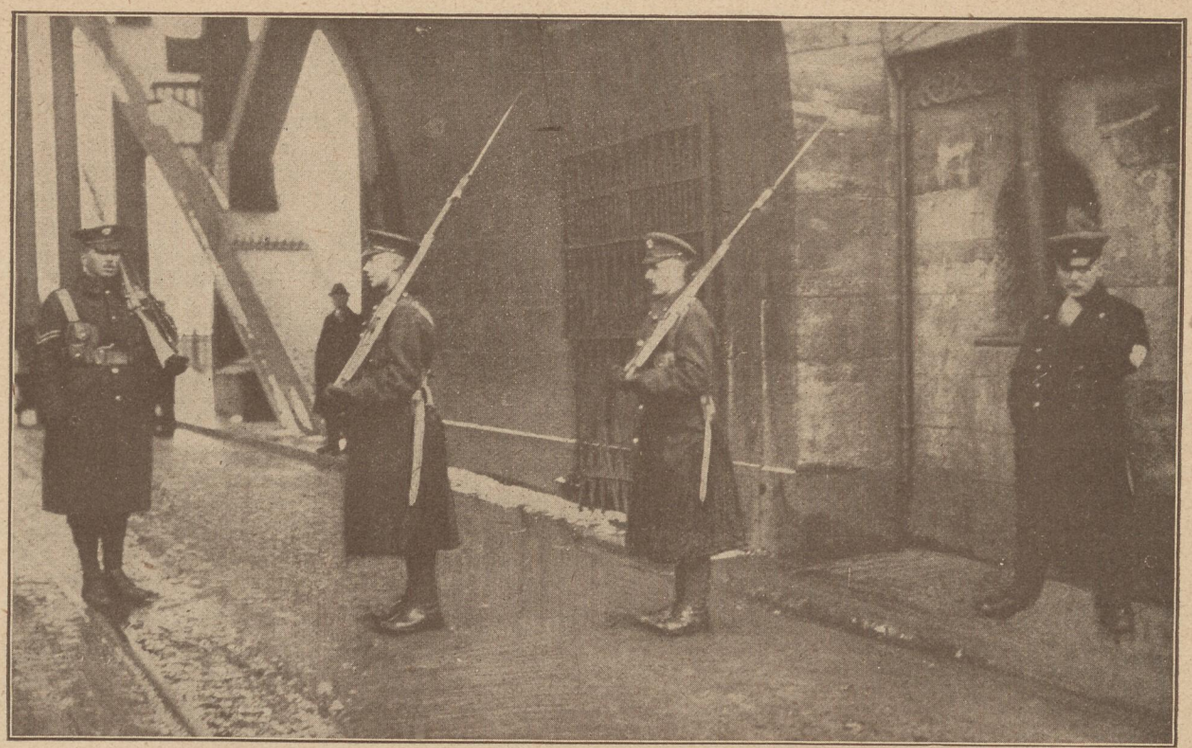
TAKING POSSESSION.
British Troops entering the Occupied Territory after the signing of the Armistice.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of December 12th, the day after the formal entry of Sir Charles Fergusson, the British Governor, our cavalry, Lancers, Dragoon Guards and Hussars, crossed the Hohenzollern Bridge and went beyond the Rhine to take possession of the Bridgeheads. For two hours they passed with the Horse Artillery, in which each gun was polished as a pretty toy for pageantry and not for death, and many Germans gathered to watch them, and marvelled, as we could see and hear, at the splendid condition of the horses after those years of war. Below one of the statues of the Hohenzollern Bridge stood General Sir Herbert Plumer, commanding the Second Army, the Army of Flanders, which had fought so many battles from first to last, and around him were many Generals and staff officers. Hardly once during the two hours did the old Army Commander give his arm any rest as he stood there, rigid, with his hand to his cap.

It was an ordeal for him, but he knew the sacrifice of his men through bloody years, and saluted each one of them that day, colonel, or corporal, or trooper, horse-gunner, bugler or signaller, with all the honour he could give them on this last ride to their journey's end. A band was not far away, and the first tune it played was "Rule Britannia," and then, when the cavalry passed, there rang out the music of "The Long Long Trail," the song that had sounded down many a road of war on the way to the fields of death.

On the next day the infantry followed the cavalry across the Rhine. I remember how wet it was that morning, with a steady rain splashing the street of Cologne and dripping in waterspouts from the gables above the shop fronts. Our men marched in their waterproof capes all shiny as the rain soaked them, and the gunners and transport drivers buried their chins in their upturned collars. They were men of famous fighting divisions who had come a long way through hell-fire with "one more river to cross"—the 29th Division, which had fought in many great battles —do you remember how they stood at Mesnieres and Marcoigne under very dreadful fire?—and the 9th (Scottish) Division who had been through all there was in Flanders and the Somme—and the 1st Canadians who had led the way back when the tide turned to victory – at last!—after what had seemed unending slaughter. The music of the Scottish pipes went wailing down the Rhine over the Dutch barges which were lying there by the quaysides, under the shadow of the great Cathedral whose spire rises high above the little gabled houses down there on the river's edge.

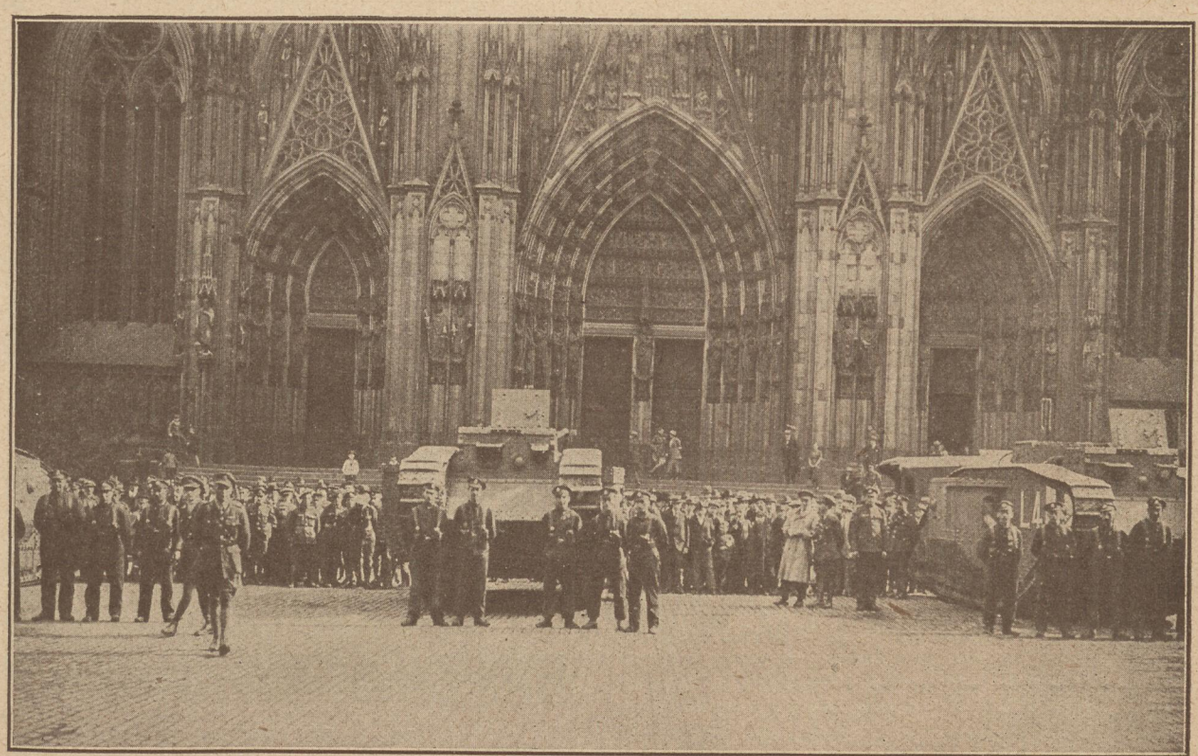
So our men with their guns and their wagons went trudging through Cologne on a dirty dismal day, as I had seen them passing along the roads of war, year after year. It was cold and wet, but as I saw them go, and then went with them to the limit of our bridgehead, I had a glow at the heart, because this was indeed the journey's end of that terrible adventure in which our men, with unbreaking courage and by enormous sacrifices, had won their way to peace.



THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

The British Guardsman is admittedly the smartest sentry in the world. This photo shows the Grenadiers changing guard on the Hohenzollern Bridge, Cologne. The picture was taken shortly after our Occupation of Rhineland began. (Note the German bridge guard on the right.)

(Photo: Topical Press)



FORMIDABLE GUARDIANS OF THE RHINE.

A demonstration in force outside the great Cathedral impresses the inhabitants of Cologne. The Tanks take part in most ceremonial parades and are ready for any emergency.

About the Battlefields.

By E. W. HORNUNG, *Author of "Raffles" etc.*

The first battlefield season may be said to have ended with the return to authentic solar time. It would be interesting to learn how the great touring agencies have fared with their conducted trips over the devastated arras, and how many English folk have already availed themselves of the facilities afforded for visiting the particular "corner of a foreign field That is for ever England" to them and theirs. What is perhaps not yet generally realised is the ease, freedom, and economy with which one may now see the battlefields for oneself without taking part in a concerted tour. A clergyman and his wife with three of their sons made a recent pilgrimage to the scenes where a fourth son had played his little part in the great war. Armed with a precious diary, and information which enabled them to fill in the necessary blanks, they were able to follow the boy from ruined rest-billets to the remains of trenches he had helped to hold, and from the very crater where he fell to the grave in which he lies. The inclusive cost to the party, for the inside of a week's absence from the middle of Kent, worked out at some £5 10s. a head. It is true they went on foot from place to place, that these were fairly near together, and all in Flanders; on the other hand, they stayed several nights at "the best hotels in Ypres"! Had they put up at the Y.M.C.A. hostelry for visitors to graves, even these modest expenses would have been materially reduced.

An hotel in Ypres is a bedizened shanty with a brave name on its signboard and a gramophone rumbling in its vitals; there are many of them, splashes of crude colour in the grey shadow of the noble ruins, and they are not the only sardonic signs of better days. Gangs of grinning Chinamen are at least an incongruous importation, if they do not strike such a violent note as the parties of German prisoners looking only more ponderously pleased with life. Outside the shattered station one is beset by swarms of postcard-sellers and pedlars of grim refuse from the battlefields, who drive a brisk trade with the Belgian trippers frequenting the town at the week-end. As for the excursionists themselves, if one cannot personally describe them in the trenchant phrase of a writer in the "Times", as "picnicking joyously in the ruins," they are certainly not to be seen rooted in dismay before the remaining fragments of their Cloth Hall or their Cathedral.

The surrounding battlefields, however, are as yet unspoilt for those to whom they mean the most, thanks partly perhaps to the difficulty of obtaining a conveyance of any sort in Ypres. On a Sunday especially, one may take the train out to some skeleton station with a deathless name, to Passchendaele or Pilkem or Boesinghe, and wander for hours without meeting a soul. In silence as profound as its own irony you may roam at will where last year a cat could not show itself and live; and there is still almost everything to be seen, from the "0 pips" in the trees to the dug-outs under the ground. These, to be sure, are already looking somewhat insecure for prudent exploration; they are, moreover, said to be the lurking dens of marauding Chinamen, though of this one saw no sign and went in little fear. Trenches are beginning to heal up like wounds, but the wires are stitches that still need taking out. Both want watching as one goes; but it is impossible to follow their ramifications with much intelligence or without special knowledge to distinguish an enemy position from one of ours. Here and there a bastion of sandbags in sound repair suggests some impregnable redoubt; and the scene of the first gas-attack is unmistakable from the banks of the Yser, always supposing you have not begun by mistaking that bright carpet of reed-studded scum for an extensive duck-pond. One landmark never fails: from every little eminence can be seen what is left of Ypres Cathedral and Cloth Hall, even as our boys saw them by night from the trenches, like broken teeth in the red mouth of war. It is now rather as rocks that they tower over a sea of shell-holes, dotted with bits of rusty roofing, the very colour of coasting sails, and always flecked with wooden crosses. In single grave or ordered cemetery the dead are never far away; but the single graves are being gathered in one by one, as strays to the fold. On a week-day you see this sad work going on; but it is less sad than leaving lonely graves to the embarrassment of returning farmers and the inevitable violation of time. A terribly repugnant task could not be performed with more reverent care than is obviously being taken by the Labour Battalions who have this one in hand, nor greater consideration be shown to anxious enquirers

Mr. E. W. HORNUNG.

The famous Novelist and Author of this article who acted as Hon Librarian at the Cologne Y.M.C.A. for a considerable period of the occupation.

(Photo: P. T. Beeson.)

by the officers and N.C.O.'s responsible for its discharge.

In the Salient I did not come across single memorials to the dead of whole battalions, such as one or two which already dignify the awful amphitheatre of the Somme. But at Arras I was able to hire a car and see more in a couple of days than can be seen in a fortnight on foot. On the site of Pozières there is a great black cross to the Australians who stormed the place three years ago; of Pozières itself there is neither brick nor beam visible, and never has been from those days to these. On the summit of the Butte de Warlancourt there is another noble monument—with a fine inscription—to the fallen of three battalions of the D.L.I. These crosses are of massive wood, and would last at least a generation; if they are to be replaced in imperishable form, one ventures to hope that their present fine simplicity will be retained. Nothing could better these austre yet tender memorials upon a battlefield. The twentieth century, however is not very likely to reproduce the elaborate grandiosities of Wörth and Gravelotte.

But it is the forsaken battlefield and the lonely cross that knock loudest at the traveller's heart. Through a mistake the car found itself upon a scene of tragic desolation towards the close of a heavenly September afternoon; it was somewhere east of Arras, and too clearly the line of a British advance, probably upon the Drocourt-Queant switch in the last weeks of the war. Like most of the Somme country, the place struck one as intrinsically wild and lonely; not merely made so by the ravages of war, as on the Ypres area. In Flanders there was so much timber originally that some still stands intact; but the few poor spinneys on the Somme, Oelville Wood and the others of bloody memory, are now no better than collections of great stakes driven into the ground. There was nothing even of this kind on the bleak upland the car essayed to cross, and very soon there was no sign of habitation present or past. It was like a Scotch moor rolled out as flat as Norfolk, the wholesome heather replaced by the sort of vegetable scab that forms where the skin of the land has been destroyed by high explosive; even the shell-holes were lined out with this, like nests, except where they occurred in the road; but ithat exception being relatively as common as the rule it may be imagined in what straits the motor found tself when too late to turn back. It was like bowling a coin across a solitaire board with the marbles out; but nothing daunted the fine French driver, and somehow the thing was done, with a wheel or two generally in the air, at angles which would have made a sailor seasick.

The passengers climbed up and down ahead, afraid to look round. Sometimes they made détours among the other shell-holes, and sometimes they returned hurriedly to the unspeakable road. They were on a battlefield which still needs a lot of tidying up. The vendors of grim souvenirs would strike a rich vein here. Riven shreds of equipment lay about all over; a lorry might have been filled with shrapnel helmets, often with a jagged hole in the crown, through which death had entered. It was a speaking scene, ineffably pathetic in the gathering dusk; and on the lonely crosses, standing out stark against the dying glow, often with a torn helmet at the foot, there were sometimes as many as six soldiers' names.

How we got our Christmas Pork.

By the Rev. G. KENDALL, O.B.E., C.F.

"A group of men were sitting round the stove in the bar parlour of a wayside inn near a walled mountain village in the heart of Rhineland.

It was a romantic spot; all around were towering forests famous in legend and song.

Here in days gone by the hunting horn had sounded the call of the chase, for deer and wild boar roamed at will through the pines and dense undergrowth.

Mighty crags, Nature's sentinels, were scattered on the slopes of the hills, and on the summit of one grim old giant stood the ancient stronghold of the Counts of Sensburg. Its hoary walls covered with ivy looked down upon a gleaming river spanned by an old stone bridge guarded by the figure of a monk chiselled in stone.

It was Christmas Eve in the year of our Lord 1918, a year never to be forgotten. After four years and more of devastating warfare the Angel of Christmas smiled once more; and the weary world was at peace.

Outside the inn the wind moaned through the forest trees and the snow had covered the ground with its white mantle. The men were in khaki and formed the advance party of the battalion detailed to guard this ancient gateway to the rich and fertile plain bordering the Rhine.

"I pity the poor beggars who are out to-night Jack." The speaker was a Sergeant.

"It seems like a fairy story, sitting in this old whitewashed pub drinking local beer. Here we are in Jerry's own country, and only a year ago we were in that beastly old dugout at Monchy, wondering when the blinking war would be over, and half afraid we should finish it in the swamps of the Somme. "Put another log in the stove, Jim." He said addressing another youth.

"Lets' be merry and celebrate the old season. I wish I could be with my kids at-home this Christmas. Hullo! who have we here?"

The door had suddenly opened and a man covered with snow stood on the threshold. He gazed with amazement at the group in khaki and was beating a hasty retreat, when the Sergeant sprang forward and gripped him by the collar.

"Whats your game my man?"

At that moment the landlord, who could speak English, entered the room.

"Sir," he said, addressing the Sergeant: "Will you and your men—Why!" he exclaimed, seeing the visitr. "Here is my good friend, Otto. Welcome! It's all right sir. I was just going to ask you to accept

these bottles of Rhine wine to celebrate this festive season. Come Otto, I was expecting you."

The Sergeant released his hold and the disappeared through the bar door.

"I don't like het look of those blighters; I'll bet there's some game on between them. But here's a drop of wine; we'll see if its better than the French stuff. Fill up your glasses, boys. Now then, here's to those we love in Blighty, a Merry Christmas to them and us." There was a clinking of glasses.

"Not bad stuff boys for Jerry's land, I'll— —"

The sentence was not finished, for the blast of a horn suddenly sounded through the forest. There was a rush to the door. Nothing could be seen but the drifting snow and the sombre looking pines. "Well this beats everything!" exclaimed the Sergeant.

"Its a funny hole we are in. I wonder what the deuce that horn blast meant? Let's see where the landlord and his friend are. It may be a local custom to announce the approach of Christmas. Blest if I know; its like a page out of Grimms' Fairy Tales I used to read when I was a kid. We'll solve the mystery anyhow, so here goes."

Opening the inner door they passed to the landlords room. It was empty. They searched the house, but it was as silent as grave. Opening the outer door they looked for footprints, but the drifting snow left no trace.

"Well here's to a merry Christmas Eve boys; we'll do a bit of scouting. Whatever happens those blighters have no right to be out of doors at this time; its after ten."

The party snatched their rifles and plunged through the drift into the forest.

"We'll spread out a little, boys, open formation, but be sure and keep in touch with each other."

They descended the slope and were nearing an outer belt of trees when the sound of a horn again awakened the echoes. It was in the direction of a clearing where a huge crag reared its mighty head. With true scouting instincts taught by many a raid in no-mans-land they advanced cautiously to the spot.

They closed into some dense undergrowth near the crag and were just making ready to cross the clearing, when they heard the sound of voices chanting some strange melody, and a light from a lantern flashed out amid a circle of crags around the base of the old giant in the centre of the clearing.

Here they could distinguish the forms of six men. They were dressed in weird costumes, and on the ground were lying two wild boars. The men moved in a circle round the carcases chanting a song, and at the end one of their number blew a blast from a horn.

"Here's for a game boys; we've come across a stunning performance," the Sergeant whispered. "I can see, yea verily, I can smell roast pork for our first Christmas dinner in Germany, and there'll be enough for my company which moves in to-morrow; we'll make a dash for it boys, and fix our bayonets in the grand charge."

The next moment those devotees of the wild boar rite were terrified by the sight of a dozen glittering bayonets, and a yell such as they had never heard before. There was no escape. Throwing up their hands, as of old, they shouted in unison, "Kamarad."

"Why, here's our old friend the pub-owner," said a man, addressing the Sergeant.

"Sirs," replied the terrified landlord, "deal gently with us, we are but celebrating our ancient festival of the Swine."

"Right oh! you blighters, I've a good mind to put you in clink, but we'll celebrate that Festival on good old Christmas Day. Hoist up the swine on your shoulders, off you, go, quick march!"

Through the snow they carried the swine, followed by British bayonets, and Jack the Corporal blew the old horn.

"What a glorious Christmas Eve, Sergeant," he said: "I can smell these old pigs. We'll have a great time to-morrow, roast pork and apple sauce."

And so they had, and it is recorded annals of the Rhine Army that, on the first Christmas of the Occupation, our boys guarding the ancient walled town and castle of the Counts of Sensburg did eat and drink and were merry.

My Beauty Queen.

While other chaps their frauleins moon around
Scanning their buxom frames with roguish eye,
And fill the raucous air with empty sound
I, gentle reader, I

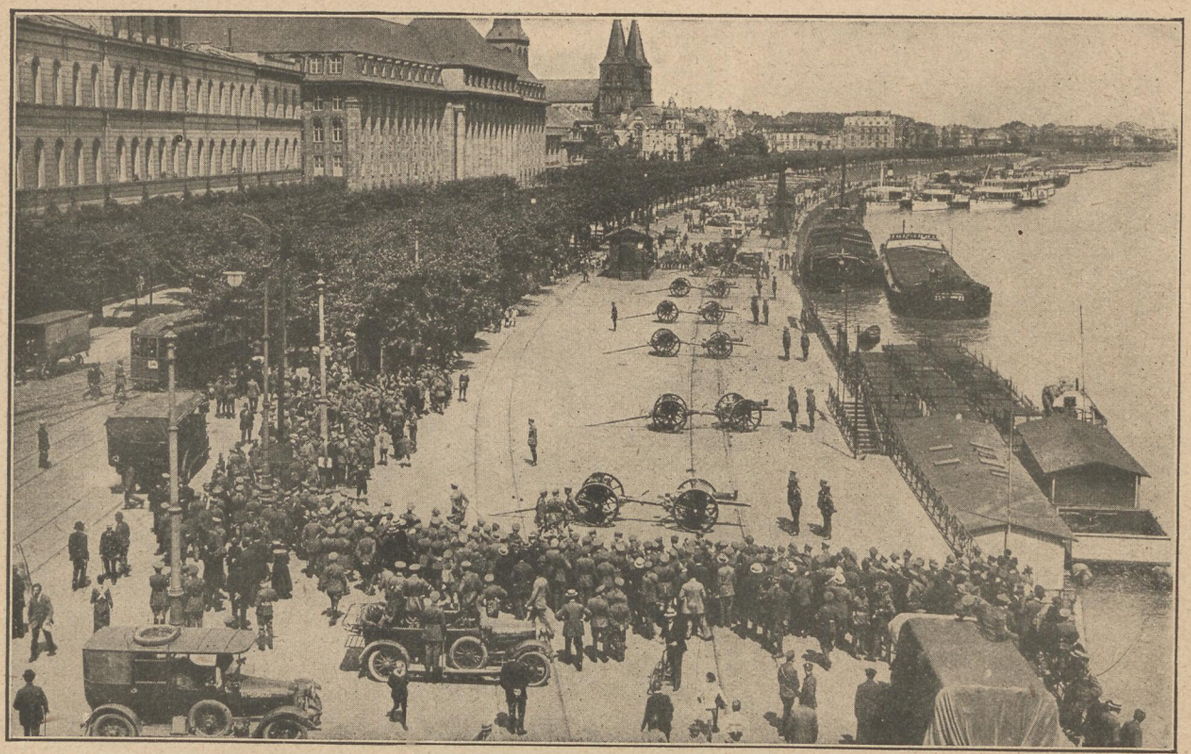
Betake me oft to where my goddess dwells
in gay Cologne and there I fondly dote
Not like those pampered "Perfume City" swells
Who play the giddy goat

But like a wooer who worships from afar
The shell-like ear, the pouting ruby lip.
(The nestling breast—especially since the war—
Give me the bally pip.)

Hour after hour I gaze upon her charms
Ecstatic joy enslaves my willing heart.
Romney, I'm sure could ne'er resist her arms
—Nature surpassed by art.

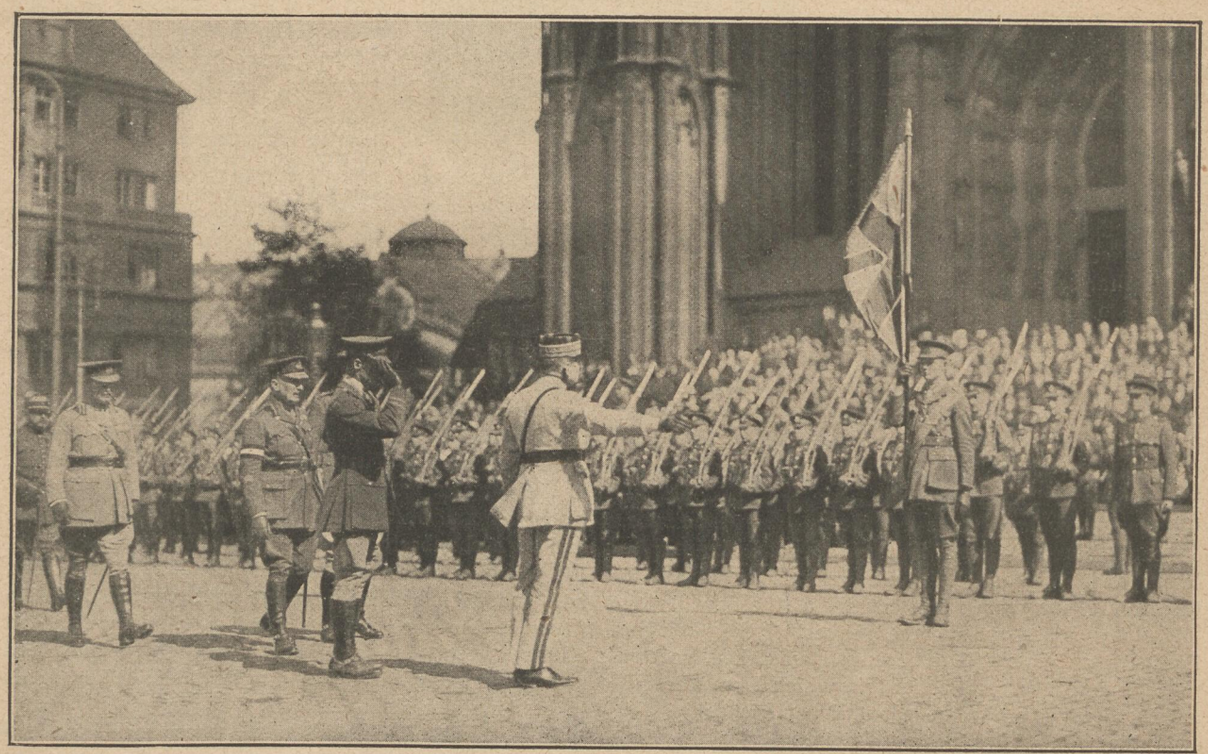
No English belle is half so sweet a maid,
There's none so fair for youth to look upon.
On this bright queen, I'm very much afraid
I'm gone, completely gone.

She's German—yes, and what is also rough
She's dead, stone dead, 'neath weeping willow
I only see her portrait—'tis enough [trees.
—The Königén Luise. *TOOTIE.*



READY TO FIRE A SALUTE.

British Army guns on the Rhine bank on the occasion of the visit of the Army Council to Cologne. *Photo: Hunter.*



GENERAL MANGIN SALUTES THE COLOURS.

The French General was received with honours when he paid an official visit to Cologne in 1919. He is seen about to salute the colours.

Photo: Official.

Our Men.

Some Recollections of a Camp Follower, 1914-1919.
By Dr. ALEX. FRANCIS.

During the war I was asked by a committee in England to reply to a series of questions upon the religion and morals of the men of the British Army. Had I sent any reply to the invitation, it would have been — "God forbid."

The effect of my association with the men during four years has been to me like an increase of kindred. How then should I take the part of the sympathetic and patient reformer and moralist, looking out upon strangers from a window near by? How could I school myself into that detachment, that precise scrupulousness of mind, that niceness of mental balance, without which any reply to the questionnaire would not have been worth the paper which it stained? Why should I become an inquisitor and cross-examiner of my kin, in the discovery of whose worth I had found my one solace in the great darkness and desolation that had fallen upon the world?

Dr. ALEX. FRANCIS,
the Hon. Director of the Y. M. C. A. Central Cologne, has travelled widely and knows soldiers and men of many nations.

Rather, I resented that any man or body of men should speculate upon those whom my heart followed day after day, as they went into their dread ordeal by fire—that they should bring the principle of dissection to bear upon them with a view to experiment *in corpore vili*. It is well that I sent no reply; for my heart was hot within me, and I should have told the committee that I held their exhaustive enquiry to be a vast impertinence, perpetrated by men who, with all their excellences, must have lacked some of the delicacy of common decency.

I have not read their "findings", I have even closed my eyes to the comments upon them in the religious and secular press. But upon these "findings" I do not hesitate to pass the judgment of one of our great essayists upon a certain type of "Disagreable People":— "Whether they hew us as a carcasefit for the hounds, or carve us as a dish fit for the gods, is just the same; and, whether they are demons or angels in themselves, we wish them equally at the devil."

If, then, I respond to the request of the "Cologne Post" for an article, it is because I am asked, not for reflections but for recollections, in which I am allowed and expected to show the partiality of friendship, and even the blind enthusiasm of affection, for the men with whom I have lived and from whom I have learned many of the deepest lessons of life. I respond even eagerly to this request. For in my association with the men, I have gained such a revelation of the splendour of the manhood of the English race that I feel, as St. Gertrude expressed herself with reference to an even greater revelation that was vouchsafed to her:— "Thou knowest, O my God, from Whom nothing is hidden, that the reason why I have written these things is that I cannot believe that they were made known to me for myself alone."

I was in the Himalayas during a visit to India when the war broke out. I did not share the belief of the dwellers on those Olympian heights that the Germans would be beaten before, at topmost speed, I could reach the theatre of the war. I had been often in Germany, and knew something of the character of the German people and the amazing mental pabulum that their War Lords had fed them on for years. I had witnessed the army manoeuvres, and learned something of the resources of the country. I knew that we were in for a long, a bloody and a costly struggle.

Therefore, after long waiting for a passage, I made my way back to England, spending sometime *en route* in France with the French troops to guage the temper of our Allies.

When at last I got to London I found that already hard facts had played havoc with those optimists of the first days.

Popular excitement had slowly intensified into an earnest national will; and as the Y.M.C.A. offered me an opportunity of being with the army in which I could not be, I went to Salisbury Plain as an apprentice for work in France. Thus I found myself among the First Hundred Thousand. Already, over the spirit of their dream also, had come a change. The call of Kitchener had stirred up all the romantic element that had been slumbering in their lives, unsuspected during the years of peace. Trade, and the making of money, had suddenly become irksome and contemptible to them in the face of the great romance which had allured them—foreign lands, strange people and strange tongues, the panoply of war, the daring deeds to be done and their rewards.

As by a rub of Aladdin's Lamp, these men had been magically changed from the office and the factory to the camp of war. But when I got there the romance

had passed. The war itself had become a matter of business, of everyday, of the accustomed, of routine—elements, none of them, that could conduce to romance.

Then was the first testing of the native metal of the men, and it came forth finely tempered steel. Already the Germans were "The Huns." For it was remembered that the German people had never repudiated the exhortation of the Kaiser to his troops when they were setting out for China, to behave themselves not as Christian Knights, but "as the Huns of Attila"; and now that two million soldiers of Central Europe were out to give that exhortation practical expression against the Christian civilisation of the rest of Europe, *its* soldiers were grimly determined to "see the thing through," and not to allow the war to finish until the fetish of force as a real factor in civilisation had been utterly destroyed.

Very Christian knights were they, preparing religiously for a stupendous struggle for spiritual ideals and the freedom of the world. I was admitted to the intimacy of not a few of those first men. I cannot recollect having since met any one of them. The brief word of parting which the few, who were articulate, had spoken, had been fulfilled:—"I'll be pushing up the daisies when you follow us to France." I had not believed that our Island held such men. Sometimes, to this day, I am passionate with grief for that injustice done to the dead, "of whom the world was not worthy."

In France I had to spend another apprenticeship at the Base. The hidden justice of that measure was tempered with the open mercy that allowed me to spend my time in the camps there, for the men who were going up to the front for the first time or on their return from leave, and for those who had come down wounded to convalesce. In the grounds of one of these camps I once met a man strutting about very self-consciously with a German helmet hooked on his tunic. "It belonged to an officer whom I napoo'd," he said, not without a touch of satisfaction. Then, turning to me he added:—"I got his wallet too, and there were some photos and letters in it. . . . . Can you read German, Sir?"

I translated a few sentences written beneath one of the photographs. It was a picture of the dead man's sister, underneath which she had conveyed in simple and touching terms a message from a pious Mother who besought the Holy Mother of God to let her see her son on the approaching Christmas Day.

As I read, tears filled the eyes of the man, and as I turned away he said:—"It had to be done sir, but I am sorry it fell to me to do it."

I cultivated that man's acquaintance in the following days. I found him an entirely honest, robust, hearty person, uncultured but with the shrewdness of the unspoiled mind, given to those sorts of humour which generally lead to blows, fond of the words "fair play," very fierce in battle and exquisitely moved to deep feeling by a cruel act done to anything little and helpless. Such beautiful kindness, high courage and devoted service, going hand in hand with a certain animal boorishness, as I discovered in him, I found to be "the stuff" of which the life of a great majority of the men was composed. In him I found the English soldier, not at his best, not at his worst, but at his commonest, and exultingly I exclaimed: "The earth of England is a good earth and bears good fruit, even the apple of man."

I often heard it said that the war would be won "behind the lines." It was a true saying, but "behind the lines" was further behind than was intended to be expressed. Not behind at the Base in France, where Y.M.C.A. workers were to maintain the mens' *morale* (save the mark), but behind at the Home Base, where the mothers and fathers, the School and the Church, and the atmosphere of England had been behind the men in all their earlier years, so that "trailing clouds of glory" they came to France, endured, and won through.

My first association with the men "up the line" was at Arras. There were many thousands of them there. Day after day they lived underground in the long passages and spacious caves and innumerable cellars of the place, as a measure, partly of protection of themselves, and chiefly of deception of the Germans, whose airmen saw only an apparently deserted city as they surveyed it from the skies. For great preparations were afoot for the great Push which succeeded gloriously at first, but later came to nought. I saw the men go over the top, an irresistible host, when the memorable day dawned; and in the afternoon I was asked to convey a party of our wounded men and wounded German prisoners to a Casualty Clearing Station two or three miles behind. And then I detected our men in deliberate deceit. A Scot had his right arm round one of my shoulders, and a German had his left arm round the other for support as they limped along; and behind my back, cigarettes and chocolates that I had given to Jock were being handed by him to the man who, a minute before, had been seeking his life to take it. The scales fell from my eyes and I beheld all the men doing likewise. "Poor devils, they are in hell," they said apologetically, when they knew that they were found out. And in my heart was a great joy that, following their Exemplar, these men "descended into hell" and ministered to the spirits in bondage there.

In the evening of the following day, when it was evident that the bright promise of yesterday was not to be fulfilled, a man came out of the dark, wounded horribly in the mouth. Drawing close to me in order that his indistinct utterance might be heard, he sputtered my face with blood as he gave his testimony:—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," and, having come out of the unknown, he disappeared into it again. I had administered the Holy Sacrament to him the previous day; and the blood that was on me, he had shed for me, in the spirit of Him who poured forth His for us all.

When, some days before, I had come across this Jock and his comrades in a moment of animal robustness in their underground retreat, one of them had said:—"You must not forget, Padre, that we are animals." They never let me forget that they were also divine. Who could be blind to the grandeur of these men—to their heroic courage, the persistence and self-reliance of their nature? Who could fail to fee

his spirit braced and heightened by being even the spectator of such qualities and achievements as theirs?

The following winter, when our armies were hard-bested, I was again in Arras; and by the great kindness of Sir Julian (now, Lord) Byng I was allowed free passage over the whole Third Army area, from its trenches to its base. I was always with the men, and I found no reason to mistrust my first impression of them. I found in them many and serious defects, in speech and act. When they went down to rest, they came with a flood in their heart and a blinding wave over their eyes; but even their sinning was mixed up with much generosity, and they were entirely free from the meaner vices which are the cardinal sins.

Every day I conducted evening prayers in our Rest Camp. One night a group of men arrived late, and all of them were drunk. "We have come for our evening prayers," they said. "Prayers are over," I replied, "you should have come in time." "We have been bad boys' we know, Doctor, but we want our evening prayers." That was enough for me. They had confessed their sin, and in prayer we asked the "Faithful and Just" to forgive and cleanse.

Some time later, when I was in Arras again, a man came forward to greet me, then stopped short, and asked in disappointed tones whether I did not know him. I was about to explain in extenuation that I met so many men, when he burst forth:—"Don't you remember the Drunks' evening prayers at Equihen?" "Shall I ever forget it?" I replied, "were you there?" And then he told me that when the men got back to their tent they were as men amazed and said that "they would be damned if they drank again." "And have you?" I asked. "Not once," he said. "Then certainly, I replied, you will not be damned."

Many years ago, when I was in Russia, a "Social Worker" from Chicago asked me to introduce him to Tolstoi. At the interview he told of his rescue work in the slums. "We go down to the drunkards and harlots and try to pull them up to the rock on which we stand." And then, the storm that I had seen gathering, burst upon the astonished man. "You miserable creature," said Tolstoi, more in sorrow than in anger, "do you not know that your heart is full of pharisaic pride, and that it was upon such sins of the spirit and not on sins of the flesh that He whom you call Lord and Master poured the vials of his wrath? Will no one organise a mission of drunkards and harlots to save the souls of the clergy and social workers who, by their secret sins of swelling pride and petty meanness, by their bitter jealousies and narrow sectarianism, are kept out of the Kingdom into which the open sinners enter, saved as by fire, yet saved by the grace of Christ in them, manifesting itself in the humility, the charity, and the self-loathing of their hearts?" If I have not been entirely blind to the virtue of our men, I owe it to Tolstoi.

Now, I am about to spend my second Christmas in Cologne with men who, most of them, were not in the war. But it was not the war that made those who won it the men that they were. They won the war because of the fine qualities which they brought to it. These qualities are common to our race. They are in the blood of those boisterous, oft-erring youths who have been thrust, untimely, into an unnatural way of life. In this day of their testing, if only we make for the roots of their lives, a wholesome English environment in this unwholesome German town, they too will prove that "the earth of England is a good earth and bears good fruit, even the apple of man."

THE CEASELESS VIGIL.

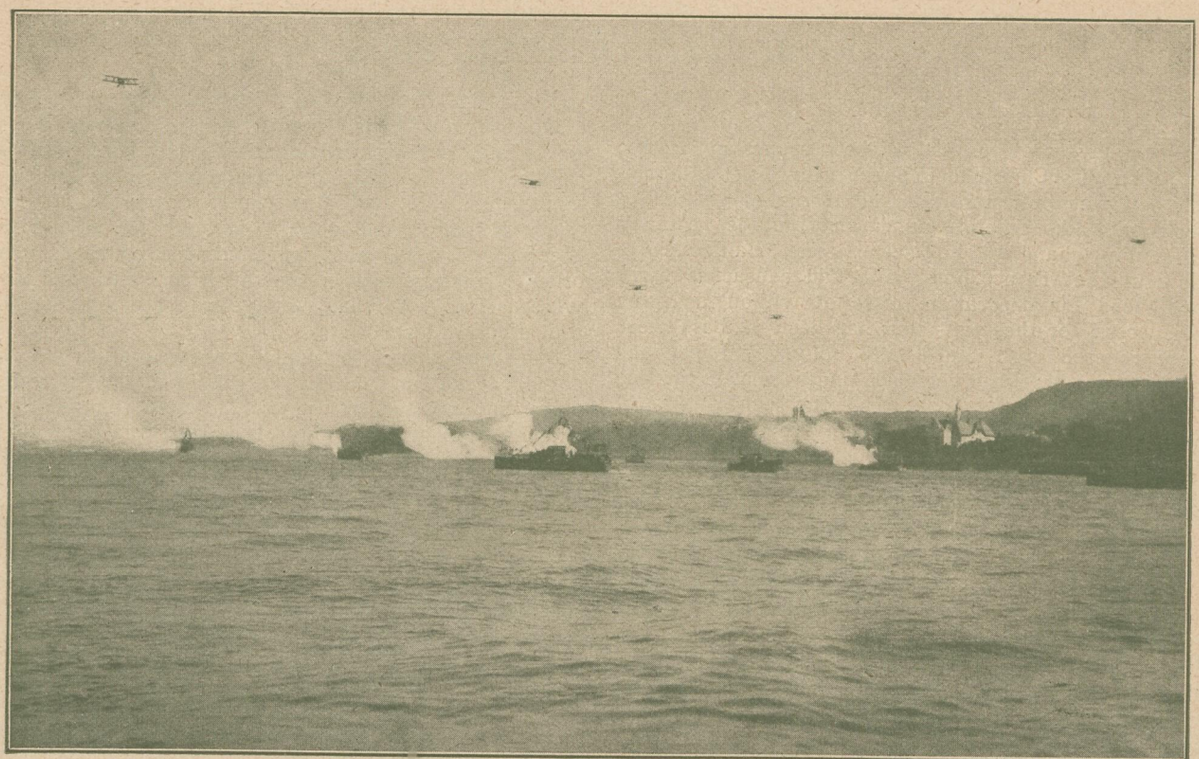
A sentry of the Royal Navy Flotilla of the Rhine on Guard duty.

Photo: Topical Press.

SISTERS OF THE SICK.

The Army owes much gratitude to its Nurses. The Minister for War inspected a contingent of nursing sisters when the Army Council came to Cologne.

Photo: Hunter.



A SALUTE BY THE NAVY ON THE RHINE.

Besides keeping its constant vigil on the Rhine, on ceremonial occasions the Naval Flotilla is much in evidence. *Photo: Official.*

THE VISIT OF THE ARMY COUNCIL TO COLOGNE.

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P. Minister for War, inspecting British troops on parade in the square opposite the Dom. On the extreme left is seen General Sir William Robertson commanding the British Army of the Rhine.

Four War Christmases

1914.

For days previous had we been preparing for this, our first Christmas in France. Our billet, although it was only a ruined stable, already began to look quite like Yuletide under the touches of many a willing hand. The scene was Bailleul, the Bailleul that is no more. We had ransacked town and wood for decoration, and not without a degree of success, for the walls that had been so bare were now covered with laurel and holly. Festoons and garlands of brightly coloured paper served to hide the bareness of the roof, from the centre beam of which hung a branch of mistletoe, offering a welcome to any Mam'selle who should chance to appear. All the good things required for our feast had been procured from outlying villages, and there were we in readiness for our good old Christmas spread.

Kemmel had been our position in the line; now we were out to enjoy our fully-earned rest after the never-to-be-forgotten battle which raged during November and December, '14. All were content: we knew our line was held and strengthened, but yet there were ominous rumours of a weak spot to our right; neverless, the old British optimism prevailed, and we paid little heed to rumours this Christmas Eve. Yes, all was ready; but Fate, that had been so kind to us during the preceding days had commenced to regret her indulgent mood; for at 9 p.m. the bomb fell. "Marching Order" was the shout heard here, there, and everywhere. For a moment all was bustle and confusion, and it was not until the column was on the move toward some unknown destination that the full force of our regrets at the sudden dashing of our hopes was borne upon us. But away on the road, through village and field we marched to the chorus of "Tipperary" and other songs. In the passing night we discerned the names of a few hamlets, Oudersteene Neuf Berquin and Veuf Berquin.

It was a beautiful night, that Christmas Eve. Soon Estaires was passed; it was at Lestrem that we heard, the bells ringing out the Christmas Morn, with feelings not one of us could express; for our hearts, I think were far, far, from this little town.

We had our Christmas Dinner — of bully beef and biscuits — on the roadside, our stores being packed away in some far off G.S. wagon. Over the La Bassee Canal toward the quaintly-shaped tower of Bethune Church we marched. Were we to spend our Christmas night here?

Apparently not, for, carrying on, we turned left and struck the La Bassee Road, passing Annequin to halt for a few moments among the shell-swept ruins of Cambrin. Another turn to the left brought us into the road which has since been ironically called "Harley Street."

It was here that we learned the reason for our sudden move from Bailleul . . . the Indian Corps, upon which the brunt of the last attack had fallen, had been compelled to give way and we were hastening to assist them. Passing Pont de Fixe, we moved along the canal bank to a point on the left of the Brick-fields, where hurried calls for stretcher-bearers showed that the German machine-guns were already taking toll. We took our place in the line a few minutes before midnight. A tot of rum served to cheer us a little, and immediately afterwards the order "Counter-attack at dawn" was issued, and we were left to get what rest we could before facing that dread ordeal.

But even in such circumstances we refused to be downhearted, and a cheerful optimist began once more to sing one of the old Christmas carols. His example was quictly followed by all, and soon that water-logged travesty of a trench was ringing with the glad strains.

How contradictory it seemed to hear those tidings of peace on earth and goodwill toward men punctuated by the crash of falling shells and the incessant clattering of machine-guns! but it was so, our Christmas 1914.

J.C.F.

1915.

Now, dear Mister Editor, by yer old "Cologne Post,"
I sees yer wants me to relate the Xmas I liked most.
To tell the 'onest truth, Sir, and I'm not the only one,
I didn't like n'ere one o' them, tho' I didn't use a gun.
I'm not agoin' to boast, Sir, I'll leave that for the rest;
I'll tell the 'onest truth, Sir, at least, I'll do my best.
Well, on Christmas Eve, '15, Sir, by gum, it weren't 'arf cold,
I and my old pal Jack, Sir, into a cafe strolled.
I started off with corfee, but it didn't warm my tum,
So I 'ad a drop o' doings, the stuff that's known as rum
Then I had 'ad some oeufs and pom-de-terres, an' a drink or two o' wine,
Then toddled back to bed, Sir, 'cos the clock had just struck nine.
I'd just got off to sleep, Sir, when that pal o' mine called Jack
Roused me from my slumbers, with a heel jab in my back.
Says he "I've got a notion, Bert"—and this was it no less
Than to go and sing some carols outside the Orff'cer's Mess:
So then we toddled over, and started off to sing.
We 'adn't made much 'eadway, when we 'eard a push-bell ring.
Next minute, somethin' gripped us, and we 'eard the C.O's voice:
"Bring both those brats inside 'ere" (It didn't sound so nice).
So in the Sergeant marched us, with a face that glowed with 'ate:
The C.O. said, "Now look 'ere, lads, don't keep the camp awake,
"But 'ave a drink o' tnis boys, it's better than French beer,
"Good wishes, and I 'ope, lads, you'll be'ome this time next year."

So, thanking him most kindly, and wishing 'im the best,
We once more toddled to our tent, and settled down to rest.
Well, Xmas morning broke, Sir, a lovely day, but cold:
I'd visions of a dinner too, like those I'd 'ad of old.
My word, it was a dinner too, roast beef, and Xmas duff,
Some pork with apple saucc, Sir, and 'eaps o' other stuff;
But, best of all the lot, Sir, at least, that's what I thinks,
Was that all the blooming Sergeants had to hand us round our drinks.
You can guess I did a grin, Sir, when I saw the man I 'ates,
The bloomin' Sergeant-Major, Sir, a-washin' up the the plates.
We did no work that afternoon, I couldn't if I tried;
To tell the 'onest truth, Sir, I was too full inside.
In the evening we'd a concert, arranged by our C.O.,
And when it came to choruses, by gad, the boys let go.
The Orff cers to a man, Sir, each sang or tried to sing,
And when all this was over, each one to us did bring
Some fags and some tobacco, some oranges and beer—
By the time I went to bed, Sir, I felt a sort o' queer,
But, still, I did not mind, Sir, because throughout the day
I really did enjoy myself; and all I now can say:
May those Orff'cers this Xmas, in Blighty or by Rhine,
Enjoy the best o' everything, and have a real good time.

THE MAD POET.

1916.

Just off the main Poperinghe-Vlamertinghe road, between the latter village and the village of Ouderdom, stood a large farm, which at the time of which I write, December 1916, had escaped the attention of Fritz.

I have never paid a second visit to this spot since those days, although I have no doubt that the farm in question duly came in for its share of the war when the dark days of April 1918 brought the enemy nearer to the coveted Coast ports than he had ever been before.

We had recently come up from the quagmire of the Somme, with its Death Valley and never to be forgotten ridges and ruined villages.

The Ypres salient as that time was, although far from a health resort, at least a stale-mate part of the line, with just its daily and nightly sudden outbursts of "considerable artillery activity."

In the large barn usually to be found adjoining Belgian farmhouses I have recollections of one of the jolliest Christmas dinners that active service conditions would allow.

For three days previous to Christmas we had been busy cleaning the barn out and decorating it for the festive occasion. Tables fashioned from ammunition boxes and planks, skillfully hidden by clean white table cloths, made an excellent substitute for the real thing.

Our untiring French Interpreter, has made quiet but steady progress on our behalf in obtaining viands from Poperinghe, and for conditions as they then were in that part of the country, had gathered in a very imposing stock of delicacies, including a choice young porker and a cask of beer from the celebrated Poperinghe brewery.

Our dinner was a great success. The Colonel looked in during the festivities, and pronounced the verdict on the Christmas puddings sent out by certain English newspapers, concluding with a neat little speech in which he hoped before the next Christmas came round the war would have been brought to a successful conclusion.

Alas many month's were to elapse before this historic event occurred!

The Belgian farmer and his family who were still clinging to their farm, were invited to dinner.

At tea time we again gathered in the barn to an excellent spread, after which the "tables" were cleared away, and various mysterious bottles were produced.

The cask of beer now took its turn in the festivities.

A wheezy concertina and an equally wheezy mouth organ manipulated by two of our leading lights who hailed from Camberwell way, assisted us in our musical efforts, which were carried on till midnight, before we finally dispersed in high good spirits.

As we wended our way back to our "bivouacs" in the inky darkness, the occasional flicker of the guns on the sky line, reminded us of the business in hand even during this festive season. *HAWKEYE.*

1917.

Arrangements had been made in my old Battery and everything was ready so that wo could have a rare old time at Christmas. The Battery was in positon in the mining village of Maroc in the neighbourhood of Lens, and as Jerry, was on his good behaviour at that time we werehaving things very 'cushy'. The boys in my section had all saved their parcels which were accumulating daily and these were all stored away for "Der Tag".

Our dug-out was a roomy cellar under a school building and we had scrounged many articles to make the place more comfortable, including tables and a splendid open fire-grate. This was the best find, as we could lay our hands on plenty of coal. A nive fat pig had been bought with the help of those mysterious funds, which, I think, every Unit has, and we all had visions of a nice dinner of roast pork and plenty of vegetables.

Alas!, we were all doomed to disappointment. On the evening of the 23rd of December a despatch rider was seen emerging from the Battery Office. Many of us felt the wind change to an upward direction at once and various rumours were circulated. At last we knew, — 'the Battery will move off at 10.30 p.m. on the 23rd and take up a new position near Festubert'.

I am sure anybody in ths vicinity could have heard our spirits go down with a bump. Naturally, we were

all very disappointed. However, we had nothing to do but to get a move on and pick up our traps and get into a motor-lorry that was very quickly filled up with mournful soldiers. We knew that we could not hope for as good a position as the one we were leaving. So we went off into the night.

Our spirits revived as the lorries crawled along the roads, and passing through Bethune by moonlight I think that the sorely tried inhabitants of that little town must have been awakened by the lusty singingof the boys.

About 2.0. a.m. on Christmas Eve we arrived at a little village called Gorre. It was a very quiet place and I think the anemy had forgotten it was on the map.

As far as my section was concerned the rest of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day were spent in laying out telephone lines and preparing gun positions. Our hopes of roast pork were not realised, for through coming in late all I and the rest of the section had was a piece of fat pork in one hand and a piece of Christmas pudding in the other. There were no vegetables left and the cooks thought they were quite justified in having the rest of the day off and so there was no tea. Therefore, we all had to visit several of the many houses where "oeufs et pommes de terres" could be bought.

To cap the lot, I clicked for night duty on the telephone. We had laid out the lines so as to eliminate the risk of them being severed, and the only risk we were taking was the crossing of the La Bassee Canal. All went well until midnight, when I found that the main line to the exchange, two miles away, was 'dis'. It was then snowing very much and my pal and I were feeling anything but happy when we set off into the dark.

Falling and floundering into ditches and holes, and at every few yards "tapping in", we made our way to the exchange. We repaired several 'bad places' and then could only hear a very faint voice from the Battery. Therefore, we had to go over the whole of the line again, and in the end found a break at the bottom of the canal, caused by a barge. This was speedily repaired and we had no further trouble, so looking for all the world like two like Polar Explorers we made our way back to the Battery, and were rewarded by a very liberal issue of rum from the Sergeant-Major's own flask.

That was my experience of Christmas 1917, and shows that one can never tell what is going to happen next, especially when there is a war on. We were all fed up after having looked forward to such a good time.

C.R.S.

The Spirit of Christmas.

By Sergeant JOHN G. ADDISON.

The Spirits of Winter and Christmas are abroad. Have you not heard their infectious laughter and caught that Bohemian spirit of joy without which Yuletide is never complete? King Frost has been approached and he and his magic have been very busy lately, giving, old Mother Earth a new white cloak of virgin snow and he has commenced his annual season of mirth by pinching poor mortals' ears and toes in his icy grip, at the same time admiring the wonderful way in which we make light of such things.

Youth is all aglow. What wide vistas of joy a fall of snow opens to the eyes of ever venturesome and high—spirited youth when everything is judged by its value in the world of fun. Winter is beloved of the children and — may I add it? — the older folk, as a time of romps and laughter, sports and gaiety, nuts and crackers and a thousand and one other indispensable items without which no Christmas could be complete.

Walking out of the billet I came across a plot of ground with steep sloping sides, the whole forming a small, though ideal site for toboganning. And as the day was Saturday last year's toboggans with their wooden frames and slight iron runners, had been reclaimed from some nearly forgotten cupboard; rust had been eagerly scraped from the neglected iron and then with a wild rush they were att he little bank. Their eyes sparkled with pleasure as they made their first descent.

And up above, watching the delight of the youngsters, stand some men and women. Perhaps — who knows?— the memories of nearly forgotten youth are surging through their minds and glimpses of some similar happy times crowd out for an instant the sordid realities of Life. At any rate they are smilling at the evident enjoyment of the "kinder" and no doubt wishing that they could throw off the shackles of years and join in the revels.

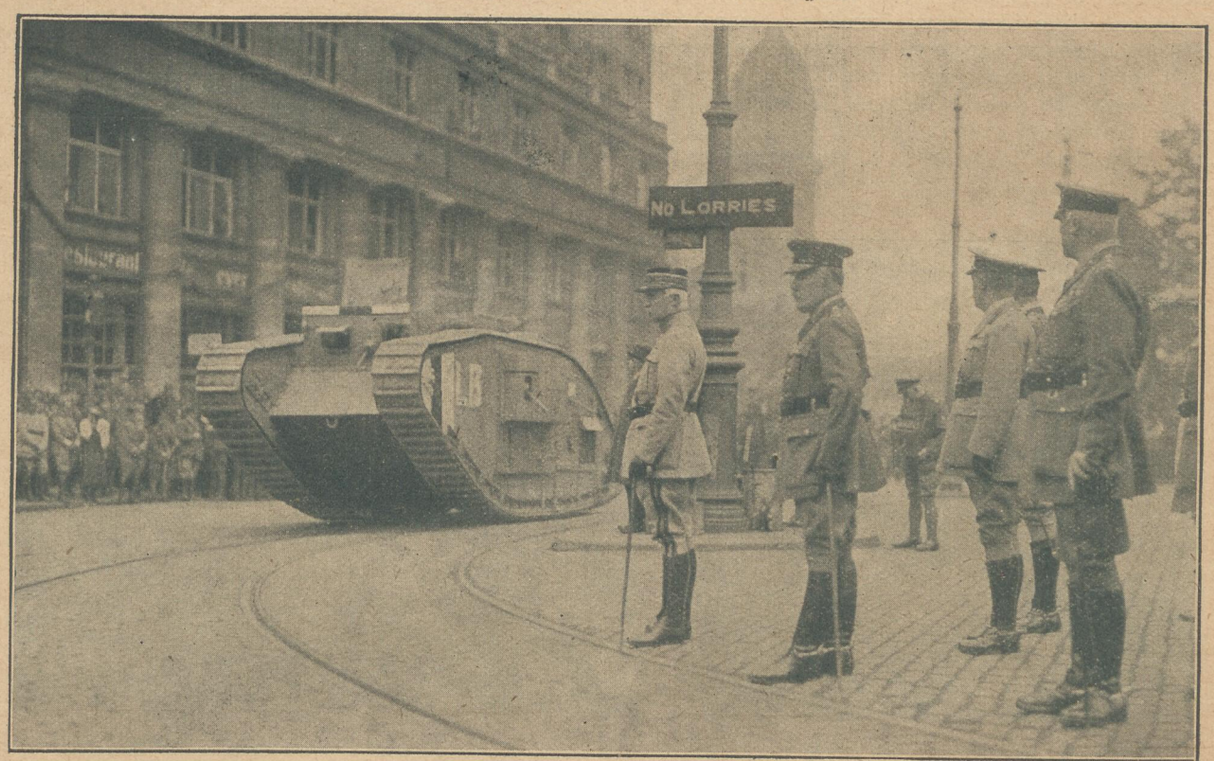
On the cars, in the outlying parts of the town those who care nothing for the joys of snowballing or rather of being snowballed, are advised to ride inside, for, boys and girls, youths and maidens, all take a keen delight in showering their crystal balls upon the passengers on the open platforms of the cars.

Everybodysmiles, for it is nearly Christmas and youth will be youth, especially when there is an inviting carpet of snow to work their will with. A rather neat scene in which aggressive youth was surprised, is well worth recording. A party of soldiers "fed-up" with the eternal shower of snow which heralded the approach of every fresh group of wait ng youngsters, took on board a supply of snowballs at the next stopping place.

And in the more crowded thoroughfares, where the white carpet had been stamped into a dirty slush by the weight of countless feet, laughing couples made light of discomfort and everybody admired the brilliant shop windows, rich with the promise of Christmas. Children forgot the cold and gazed longingly and intensely at the wonderful display of toys. Their thoughts were full of Santa Claus and his wonder-visits. For the Spirit of Christmas is abroad and he has revealed his laughing face — somewhat prematurely I am afraid — to the sorrow laden world. So let us put away in the secret cupboards of our minds haunting memories and bitter sorrows and remember that the childrens' season is at hand. Smiling faces and happy care-free thoughts should be our maxim now.

AMERICAN GENERAL INSPECTS BRITISH GUARD OF HONOUR.

Among the memorable visits to the Army of the Rhine in Cologne in the Summer of 1919 was that of General Allen G.O.C. American Troops in Germany. *Photo: Official.*



FRENCH COMMANDER IN CHIEF IN COLOGNE.

The French Commander in Chief, General Fayolle, watches the tanks go by. Near him stand the British Commander in Chief of the Rhine Army and members of the British Staff. They are facing the Hotel Excelsior, British G.H.Q., Cologne.

The British Empire Leave Club, Cologne.

By DECIMA MOORE, C.B.E.

Shall I ever forget my first impression of Cologne when I arrived in it last January! Just swarms of splendid British soldiers everywhere! Directly I arrived I knew that I was right to have made the effort to get the coveted white pass to go to Germany to see what our men wanted, and felt I must leave no effort unturned to discover a building in which to start a Club on somewhat similar lines to the one that was so successfully looking after such thousands of soldiers in Paris.

Well, I found it, read my scheme to General Plumer, got his approval, dashed off to G.H.Q., France for further confirmation, spent much time travelling, between Paris, Cologne aud London, and it was long travelling in those days, having to come via Metz and Luxemburg from Paris, or two and a half days in our famous Cologne Express, (with a typewritten ticket too!), finding the finance to start all I wanted, and to form the Committee of Trustees with Baron d'Erlanger as Chairman. The idea of my bringing so many ladies to Cologne rather staggered the authorities at first, but I stuck at it, and here they are.

My great idea was to keep up the memory of the splendid work our women have done during the War, and to have, as far as possible, representatives from each of the big British Organisations that have done so much for both our Allies and our men; so each of our many departments has its head drawn from ladies who have helped to win the war by their voluntary work. The Women's Royal Naval Service, Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps, British Red Cross, Scottish Women's Hospital, First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps, French Red Cross etc., are all represented and all give voluntary service.

Miss DECIMA MOORE, C.B.E.
Hon. Director-General, and founder of the B.E.L.C.

I think it was one of the proudest days in my life when I welcomed my members of the senior service, the Wrens, when they arrived in Cologne, the first representatives of this branch of our Navy to arrive and take up work in Germany, their smart uniform and three-cornered hat being the object of much attention from the German.

I do not know which of the various departments is the most popular. There is the Information Bureau, where two British women give you a welcome, tell you where everything is to be found and have to answer innumerable questions. The Restaurant under the control of Miss Cornwallis, British Red Cross, with its fresh white tablecloths, little British flags, band, and charming-looking voluntary waitresses in their pretty blue and white uniforms, blue caps and red brassards. The Music room, Library, Billiard rooms, Canteen etc., the beautiful Theatre capable of seating about 1500 men run by the Controller of Entertainments (Miss Adelina

AFTERNOON TEAS AT THE B.E.L.C.
In Arcadian surroundings, Tommy's "Five-o'clock" is served and enjoyed.

IN THE LARGE HALL OF THE LEAVE CLUB.
A rally of British soldiers bent on driving away dull care. In this fine hall the famous B.E.L.C. dances are held frequently.

THE ENQUIRY BUREAU
at the British Empire Leave Club.

Bourne, Q.M. A.A.C.) with its wonderful dances, concerts and cinemas etc. The Guides Department, with Miss Wall, M. B.E., W.R.N.S., as its controller, fixing up trips on the Rhine, picnics in the woods, trips round the town etc., collecting men in the garden, giving them out their lunch packages, and taking them out by the hundreds. "So easy to manage", "Give me no trouble", "Help us all the time" you hear all the Guides say, with bright happy faces, as they start off with streams of British Tommies on some expedition.

Then our Central Office, so splendidly run by Miss Ramsay Smith, Croix de Guerre, Scottish Women's Hospital, and Colonel Levey's Office with its care of the food, hostel, baths, shop and male personnel etc.

In case of necessity, during last June before Peace was signed, I formed a British Empire Leave Club "Emergency Unit." and the whole Voluntary Workers' Staff was arranged and a chart drawn up for the different work they would undertake in the event of need of our service; and with the exception of a doctor, a complete Hospital could have been started, comprising Nursing Members, a Quartermaster, Cooks, Orderlies, X Ray Theatre work, Laboratory, Masseuses, and Ambulance Drivers—our Members having worked during the war in various capacities in England, France, Italy, Serbia, Salonika, Malta, many of them since 1914. We had 350 beds available, and the D.M.S. (General Thompson) expressed himself very glad to feel that he had such a reserve in hand should emergency arise.

The following statistics from May 12th to October 31st speak for themselves of the use of the Club.—

Meals	251,608
Beds occupied	31,968
Baths	6,695
Women Guides	
Trips:—(Brakes, Zoo, Motor, Garden, Town, Steamer)	5,447
Entertainments (Including Dancing lessons, debates, lectures, German classes etc.) ..	556

and of the 1,000,000 men who have passed into and through the building, one and all, with a smile on their faces, will say what they like best at our beautiful Club in Germany is to hear British voices and see British Women.

Britain's Pride.

Some rave about the lofty Dom,
And deem it queen of Rhineland beauties;
Others belaud the dazzling "prom"
The Hohe Strasse, but my duties
Preclude my dallying there with Flo,
With Amaryllis, Kate or Bertha,
And anyway, I hate to go
Where "wifey" might perchance unearth a
Patrician fur, or hat, or ring;
These never had for me attraction.
And when th' Opera fav'rites sing
I find it very mild distraction.
The other sights that draw the throng
The theatres, Zoo, and verdant Flora,
The haunts of music, women, song
Might just as well be closed by DORA.
These pall on me, I'm truly bored,
The Rhine gets only passing glances,
E'en cafés where the wine's adored
Attract me not with jazzy dances.
The churches, shrines, abodes of Art
May rouse a vein of quiet reflection,
But of the things that stir the heart,
There's only one in my affection.
It kisses oft the German breeze
On Lordly house when days are vernal,
When woods are gaunt and when the trees
Are leafy clad — a thing eternal.
Eternal as the seven seas
An emblem loved by white and black;
No other sight so well can please,
The good old homely, Union Jack.
It may be here a tattered rag
And there a thing that men have pinned up
But everywhere it is a flag
That nobly swells when there's a "wind up"
And when the hurricane has died
And men to battle make a last stop,
It still, whatever may betide
Serenely flutters at the mast-top. *J.W.O.*

Scotland and Germany.

By Professor ARCHIBALD MAIN, M.A., L.L.D., C.F.

The story of ancient Scotland is linked more closely to France than to any other country in Christendom. Time and again the Scot mastered his studies, won his spurs, carved his fortune, and moulded his policy, on the soil of France. His fear and hatred of the "auld enemy" beyond the Tweed were an inspiration for Gallic friendship, and many a page tells of the Scots Guards and their exploits for the liberty of their ally. Are they not written in the chronicles of Sir Walter Scott and Hill Burton?

But Scotland many a time played her part in the story of Germany. Her perfervid genius has made bravely immodest claims for her sons, but even in a prosaic age of criticism she has not been shorn of all her glories. There is still reason to believe that John Duns Scotus was a real Scot. The Subtle Doctor by an irony of history has had to lend his name to the dullards, but in his short life he created no little stir. From his native Berwickshire — so he was almost an Englishman — he went to Merton College where he became a Franciscan friar and an Oxford professor. Then the spirit of the wanderer seized him and he migrated to Paris, where he gained his title of Subtilis, and founded a school that rivalled that of Thomas Aquinas.

Prof. ARCHIBALD MAIN M.A., L.L.D., C.F.

author of this article, is a professor at St.Andrews University and very popular with the Scottish troops in Rhineland. For many months he wrote scholarly yet popular leaders for The Cologne Post. *Photo: Elliott & Fry.*

Like some brother Scots of modern days, he made the great pilgrimage from the fields of France to the banks of the Rhine. He, who in wordy battle had demolished two hundred of his adversaries' syllogisms, set out to conquer other worlds. Historians tell us that his mission was to found the university of Cologne, but that seat of learning was only established eighty years after the Scot was laid to rest in the Church of the Minorites. There his tomb can be seen and his epitaph read — 'Scotia me genuit, Anglia me suscepit, Colonia me tenet' "Cologne holds me" — many a Scot seeking a mere earthly demobilization can feelingly repeat the epitaph.

Then there is the Church of St. Martin, the Church founded in Cologne by Scotic missionaries during the tenth century. Its square and massive tower, one of the Rhine's sentinels, is an enduring reminder that Deutschland owes something to Schottland for a worthy form of militarism, that of religion's knight errantry.

If one goes further afield than Cologne, one can see that the Scots (at first they were Scots of Erin) had great schemes of peaceful penetration. Towards the end of the eleventh century they founded the first monastery of the Scottish Benedictines in Germany, and for centuries they had charge of the monasteries of St. James in Ratisbon. Ninian Winzet, the stout foe of John Knox, was one of its most famous Abbots. It was only in 1862 that the Bavarian Government bought the Monastery from the Benedictines, and from 1515 onwards only Scotsmen had been its abbots. In reformation times there were many Scots who sought their inspiration from Wittenberg and the "little monk" who set Germany aflame with new doctrine.

There was Patrick Hamilton of St. Andrews, Scotland, who consorted with Luther and Melanchthon and then returned to make a brave witness for his faith in the city of his Alma Mater. There was Alexander Alesius who left St. Leonard's College of the same City in pursuit of truth and in his travels reached Cologne where he had converse with its reforming archbishop, Hermann von Wied. Alesius became the first divinity professor of Brandenburg's young university at Frankfurt on the Oder. His successor was also a St. Andrews scholar, John Fidelis, so the future Prussia had as its first professors of reformed theology two doughty Scots from the kingdom of Fife.

But Scotland has ever had her soldiers as well as her churchmen. They too played a gallant part in Germany in the years that are gone. "The Legend of Montrose" gives us the inimitable picture of Dugald Dalgetty, the soldier of fortune. Dugald looked well to his comfort and to his paybook — he was a true Scot — he changed his masters with remarkable ease, he wrestled with his conscience and kept it in subjection; but he was a "bonnie fechter."

There were many Dalgettys when Gustavus Adolphus unfurled his flag and made a bid for dominion in Germany. Yet there were high-souled warriors who

fought on his side because they loved well the daughter of their king and were moved by the plight of the unhappy Queen of Bohemia. Between twenty and thirty thousand Scots rallied to the side of the Lion of the North, and some of our Northern songs are witness to the hardy valour of these adventurers.

"He's brave as brave can be;
He wad rather fa' than flee;
But his life is dear to me,
Send him hame, send him hame.

Your love ne'er learnt to flee,
But he fell in Germanie;
Fighting brave for loyaltie:
Mournfu' dame, Mournfu' dame."

Many a tale could be told of the thirteen Scots' regiments that served under the Swedish king. Famous for his daring was Colonel Hepburn who commanded the Green Brigade and was allotted the more desperate forays of a cruelly bitter campaign. He and Sir James Ramsay helped to win the Battle of Leipsig, to take Mainz, Donauwörth, and Augsburg.

One must not forget the Leslies — Alexander, the "little crooked soldier" who raised the siege of Stralsund in face of Wallenstein's imperial troops; and David Leslie who on a later day at the head of his Covenanters helped Oliver Cromwell to win Marston Moor.

And the story is not complete, for Frederick the Great had his Scots' soldiers of fortune, and right bravely did they help him in many a campaign. Is there not a street in Berlin named after Marshal Keith? He was a type of the Scot who can fight his way to eminence. Scotland has in days gone by helped Germany in Church and State, and even now her sons may play their part in winning Germany for nobler paths to greatness.

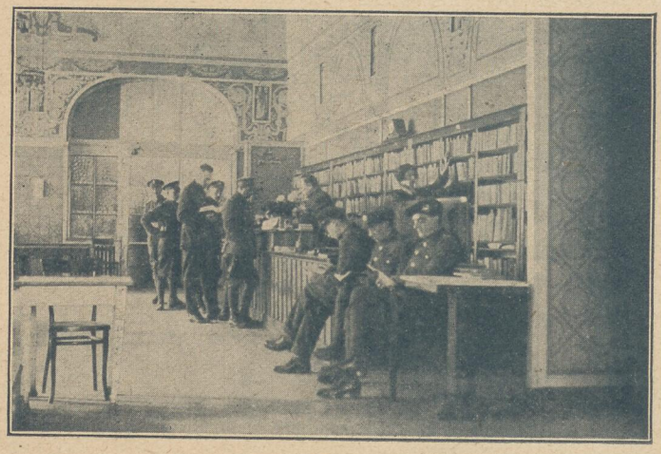
REMEMBERING OUR DEAD.

On "All Souls Day" 1919, a memorable ceremony took place at the Südfriedhof. Acting on the suggestion of Miss Steel and Mrs. Gresham-Shaw "The Cologne Post" organised a subscription fund to provide wreaths for the graves of all British soldiers whose last resting place is in Rhineland. Thousands reverently visited the Cemetery and paid tribute to their glorious memory.

In addition to some 180 wreaths for the individual graves of prisoners of war, there was a large cross surmounted by a wreath, and standing some six feet in height, which was reverently carried up and place in that portion of the cemetery allotted to the interment of those British soldiers who have passed away while serving with the Army of the Rhine.

The Y.M.C.A. and the Rhine Army.

All the Associations which are with, but not of the Army are nobody's "pigeon" in the Army Organisation. The Army Act can only fit them into the scheme as "camp followers"! They are vagabond anomalies, coming and going in the friendliest fashion in the very heart of a great military system, where everything else has its appointed place and name, decription and duty. This civilian freedom, hedged round by watchful A.P.M.'s, has many advantages, not the least of which is that the Associations are thrown upon their own resources and compelled, in large measure, to make their own way, step by step, by virtue of the services that they can offer to the troops.



THE Y.M.C.A. LIBRARY.
Containing a varied choice of the books Tommy likes. Mr. E. W. Hornung is seen at work as Hon. Librarian.

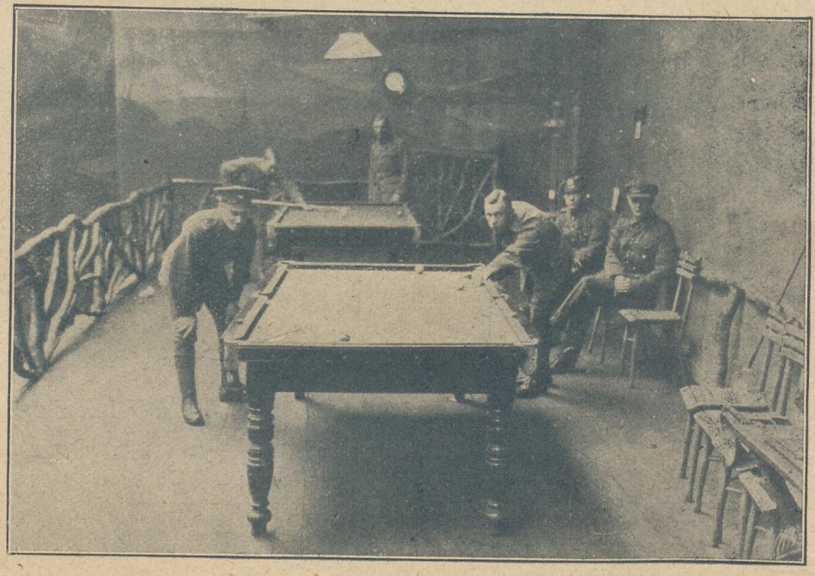
Wherever, in the great war, the British soldiers marched and fought, the Y.M.C.A. followed and tried to serve them. Thus, in the British Isles, in France, Belgium, Italy, Salonica, Serbia, the Dardanelles, Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Archangel, the Black Sea, the Caucasus, East Africa India, Switzerland, and Holland, the Red Triangle became the most universal device in all the British soldier's complicated heraldry.

Without the constant aid of the military authorities the Y.M.C.A. had certainly been shipwrecked in those crowded first days in Cologne. Everyone wanted the best billets which, like the stars, "differed from one another in glory", and the largest possible share in the inadequate supply of rations. The Y. M. C. A. received generous consideration; and the Continental Hotel, Cologne was given for its H.Q. and the Gross Köln, a "Variety Palace," as its Central Y.M.C.A. Thus in those first days the Red Triangle was firmly planted in German soil. Almost as soon as the Army of Occupation had settled down in town or village the Y.M.C.A. was there, equipped for service; and by the end of February as many as forty Y.M.C.A. "Huts" were in full activity in Cologne, Bonn, Düren, Euskirchen, and indeed in all the towns, as well as in many of the outlying villages.

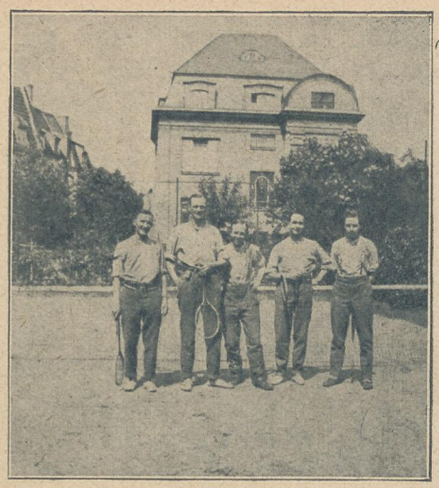
For some time these centres were not fully staffed, owing partly to the difficulty with which Y.M.C.A. men could be spared from France (in spite of the fact that there were over 2000 fully staffed Y.M.C.A. centres there); and primarily to the fact that lady workers were not then allowed into the Occupied Area.

In March, however, women workers were allowed through, and month by month the numbers grew. By the end of July no less than 120 women were all doing work of one kind or another.

More important than the actual number of centres was the more intensive work that was now made possible. A dozen concert parties were sent out from Y.M.C.A. H.Q. in London and spent in most cases a week with the troops in each Corps area and a fortnight in Cologne. Several Dramatic Parties also toured the area, each with a repertoire of two of three short plays. Entertainers, such as Thought Readers and Conjurers, were also sent out to the areas by the Y.M.C.A. H.Q. in London. Over twenty Cinemas were established in



BILLIARDS AT THE Y.M.C.A.
One of the many attractions in the commodions Central Y.M.C.A. Cologne that appeals strongly to the soldiers.



A TENNIS QUINTETTE.
The Y.M.C.A. has a Lawn Tennis Club in Cologne which is most popular.

the Occupied Area and a portable cinema machine was attached to most of the Divisions and went round the outlying villages. Every Y. M. C. A. Centre was supplied with a Lending Library, those in the larger centres having from 2000 to 4000 books each. Further, sets of 50 to 100 books were lent to isolated units. English Book-shops were established in Cologne, Bonn, Euskirchen and Solingen. Two book-stalls were organised at the Cologne Railway stations, for the sale of books to officers and men proceeding on leave and demobilisation. The Y.M.C.A. centres were equipped with a variety of games. Each had at least one billiard table, many of them had three or four, and one of them no less than twelve. Quoits, drafts, chess, ping-pong, etc. were also provided.

Music Directors were attached to the Y.M.C.A. centres at Cologne, Bonn and Düren, and at these centres numbers of musical instruments, violins, cellos, guitars, etc. were available for the use of the men. Every centre without exception was provided with a piano, some of them had three or four, and one of them no less than eight.

Music Libraries were built up in some of these centres, and from these music was lent out on deposit to Officers' and O.R.'s Messes. Sales were also made to those who preferred buying to borrowing.

The Y.M.C.A. has co-operated throughout with the Education Officers in the Educational Army of the Rhine. Special lecturers were sent out from England by the Y.M.C.A. H. Q. and a certain number of classes in French, German, Shorthand and other subjects, were arranged by the Hut workers.

The Y.M.C.A. had an experienced Athletic Director attached to each Corps who worked in close co-operation with the P. and R.T. Officers. A special hand-book of competitive games was published and freely circulated. The Officer Commanding P. aud R.T. at G.H.Q. decided to put the system of Platoon competitions, outlined in that hand-book, into practice throughout the whole army. Athletic Sports were arranged and carried through, and a large amount of athletic equipment was distributed among the various units at a cost of from £2000 to £3000. This included 300 sets of boxing gloves, 350 hockey sticks, 200 hockey balls, 9000 playground bats, 500 playground balls, 1000 badminton cocks, and 350 footballs. Experienced lady teachers of Folk Dancing were attached to each Corps, and a large number of classes and demonstrations were held.

The Y.M.C.A. has co-operated with the Chaplains of all Communions in evere possible way, and placed its huts, whenever practicable at their disposal for parade and voluntary services. In many huts evening United Service has been held every Sunday.

A Hostel for Indian troops was opened in Cologne, and parties of Indians attached to the Divisional Ammunition Columns were sent to it by their Commanding Officers for three days at a time from outlying districts.

A hostel for married soldiers and their wives was opened by the Y.M.C.A. in Cologne and a second is now being organised. A School for the children of Officers and O.R.'s has been opened by the Y.M.C.A. in Cologne. It has been fully staffed and equipped, with the aid of the Army Education authorities. There are already ever forty children in attendance.

When Demobilisation by way of the Rhine was first started, the Y.M.C.A. placed a worker on each of the Rotterdam boats. Canteens and Recreation Rooms were established on every steamer, and on each trip a Concert and Whist Drive was organised, and books and games were available in the same way as in the huts.

Thus the Y. M. C. A., which had greeted the troops on their arrival in the Occupied Area, had the privilege of accompanying the demobilised men up to the final point when they actually embarked to cross the Channel for home.

THE GLORY THAT WAS
The W.R.A.Fs. on the Rhine smartly giving "Eyes Left" on parade.
Now demobilised, their presence no longer brightens the Occupied Territory.

ARMY CHIEFS CONFER.

A notable group outside British G.H.Q. Cologne.
Photo: Official.

GENERAL GOURAND IN COLOGNE.

General Gourand, a French hero of many fights who has lost his right arm, is introduced to members of the British Headquarters Staff.
(Photo: Official.)

MARSHAL JOFFRE IN COLOGNE.

"Papa" Joffre, as the "poilu" affectionately names the French General who faced the Germans in the early days of the War, walking back to British G.H.Q. with General Sir Wm. Robertson. *Photo: Official.*

AU REVOIR.

General Sir William Robertson's last words to Marshal Foch as the great French leader leaves Cologne. *Photo: Official.*

Rhine Army Amusements.

We had scarcely cooled down after the never-to-be-forgotten trek into Germany after the armistice, before the authorities realised the importance of healthy entertainment and commenced to arrange for our social welfare on a well organished basis. A definite department for the supervision of this was generally agreed to be a necessity, and thus it was that Capt. J. H. Haygarth became installed in the Amusements office in Cologne.

A scheme was at once formulated embracing provision for drama, variety performances and pictures, with adequate musical accompaniment for each. Suitable halls were accordingly taken over wherein to house these relaxations and the devotees of them. The idea of securing allotments of seats at the Opera House followed soon afterwards and was adopted.

The Deutsches Theatre was opened exclusively for troops in January, 1919, at a time when the German proprietors were doing but very indifferent business. Convincing justification for the enterprise has been apparent from that day up to the present in the huge audiences that have flocked to the theatre nightly. On the same date No. 1 Army Cinema opened its doors to the troops, while a week or two later two more cinemas and the Apollo Theatre were taken over.

For some time the amusements caterers looked no further than the Army of Occupation for talent, and wonderful results were achieved, which will ever reflect credit upon all concerned. Then, demobilisation and the desire for something fresh prompted the exploitation of wider fields, and so we had various companies from England.

Meanwhile Lieut. S. E. Percy and Lieut. D. A. Onions made their appearance in the Amusements office, and

OUTSIDE THE AMUSEMENTS OFFICE.

Here are seen (on the right) Capt. Haygarth, Amusements Officer to the Rhine Army, (in the centre) Wilhelm Backhaus, the great pianist, and (on the left) Alfred Barker, the clever violinist.

SOME OF "THE TABS."

The Rhine Army (G.H.Q.) Concert party which scored continuous successes.

the former wasted no time in forming what has since become one of the most widely known institutions in Rhineland—the British Rhine Army Dramatic Company. After very brief rehearsals, "The Mollusc," by Hubert Henry Davies, was produced at the Deutsches Theatre in May. Then followed much of the best in English dramatic literature, including plays of Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Stanley Houghton, and Oscar Wilde.

A memorable occasion was the arrival of the Women's Theatre Company, with Miss Inez Bensusan at the head of affairs, this being the first appearance of British women in Germany since the armistice. The Company presented a number of one-act plays with great success.

THE PEDLARS.

The Concert party of the 32nd Division that has contributed greatly to the gaiety of Army life in Rhineland.

It was with this company that the Army of Occupation first made the acquaintance of Miss Shirely King (whose recent return to England evoked demonstrations of regret from her numerous admirers), Miss Gabriele Paul, Miss Hilda Potts, and Miss Beale, who have subsequently established themselves warm favourites in the Rhine Army Dramatic Company.

Regarding variety entertainments the "Crumps," the "Tabs," the "Chequers" and the "Pedlars" will always be names that will inspire happy memories in the minds of all who saw them. Demobilisation has been responsible for the demise of these parties with the exception of the "Crimps," from whose ashes Lieut. Knight has several times reorganised the party.

The arrival of Mr. Alfred Hurley with his "Jesters" and later his "Eccentrics," and subsequently Mr. Leslie Ross with his variety company marked a new era in our amusements. That these visits from across the channel have justified themselves has been proved conclusively by the enormous popularity of these parties.

The development of Army amusements has been steady and comprehensive. Consideration for the German proprietors was responsible for the taking over of the Palace Theatre in place of the Apollo, but the same excellent performances—including recently some of the leading music hall performers—have been submitted, while river trips, tennis, football competitions, Army sports, Sunday concerts and the distribution of indoor games have been phases of the activities of the Amusements Office. A skating rink and the ever popular Jazz band are also under the same department.

The departure of Lieut. Onions was a great loss alike to the Amusements Office and the Dramatic Company, but the selection of Lieut. Lyon as his successor is a happy one.

The latest phase of entertainment is the British Rhine Army Variety Company which includes many old favourites and some new blood of considerable ability.

Amusements in Bonn, Duren, Euskirchen, and the other large centres of military concentration were organised on an equally sound basis. The Stadt Theatre at Bonn was for a considerable time the home of the "Pedlars," while a well thought out touring scheme provided adequately for the outlying districts.

Altogether the Rhine Army owes much to its capable band of actors, singers and entertainers.

THE CRUMPS.

A popular Rhineland Concert party. Lieut. Knight, its manager, is seated in the centre of the group, with a charming "lady" at either side.

CAPT. G. DENNIS K.O.Y.L.I.

MISS SHIRLEY KING

MISS INEZ BENSUSAN

LIEUT. J. HUMPHREY HOPE R.E.

MISS HILDA POTTS

Lieut. S.E. PERCY, H.L.I.

Officer in charge of the Rhine Army Dramatic Club and its ruling spirit.

MISS GABRIELLE PAUL

LIEUT.-COL. V.T. FORD D.S.O.

CAPT. GORDON BLIGHT

LIEUT. D.A. ONIONS MON.REG.

MISS FRANCES CHISHOLM

PTE. J. TERRY R.A.S.C.

LIEUT. LEIGH FARNELL BEDFORD REG.

THE BRITISH RHINE ARMY DRAMATIC COMPANY.

Some of the leading members of this famous combinature of talent, whe have deleghted by audiences of soldiers on the Rhine.

Music in the Rhine Army.

By Corporal ALFRED BARKER.

IN reviewing the musical side of our Army life since the occupation, one is greatly struck by the fact that the fair muse has played a great part in the amusement and enjoyment of the British Rhine Army. We are generally considered an unmusical nation, but judging by the appreciation shewn and given to the many different organisations who cater for the Army, it rather points to the contrary. Music, after all, is one of those arts, whose scope is practically limitless. We have so many different forms of expressing ourselves in sound; and seldom, I should think, has the British soldier had such wonderful facilities for developing his musical taste as in Cologne. He has had the opportunity of hearing (and that is the best way to learn) music of every conceivable class—from a "Jazz-band" to grand opera.

What gratified me greatly was to observe, after having been to innumerable shows and musical entertainments of all kinds in Rhineland, that, as a big general rule, the best musical items have invariably been appreciated most by our audiences—and there is only one way of judging—by the silence during the performance and the applause after.

One of the chief centres for lovers of music is in the Central Y.M.C.A.—the "Elgar Corner"—started by Mr. Percy Scholes, a well-known musical writer in England, who interested our great composer in the project to such an extent that Sir Edward willingly gave not only his distinguished name to it, but helped considerably in building up a very fine music library. The "Elgar Corner" in the Loreley Hall is a heaven of delight to people musically cultured. Apart from the fine library which includes a big range of compositions, there are biographies of famous composers and musicians, books on Harmony, Theory, Composition, Orchestration. Instruments also can be hired, and there are some six rooms, I believe, set apart for practising. I mention all this to show that there is a demand for such a place. I had the pleasure of giving the first performance of Sir Edward Elgar's very beautiful violin and piano Sonata outside of England at the "Elgar Corner" with Sergt. Iago. The Sonata was repeated at one of the special Sunday concerts by Backhaus and myself.

These concerts commenced, as far as I remember, through my mentioning to Captain Haygarth, the Amusements Officer, that Backhaus was then in Cologne, and it might be interesting to see how a British audience would receive him now, seeing he had such a great and popular name in England before the war. In short, it was arranged to give a Backhaus Recital with my assistance, and the concert was such a huge success that we have carried on ever since.

It only shows again the broadmindedness of our audiences to forget nationalities, and just appreciate an artist's great gifts and abilities, whoever he may be. I should like to mention that there is not a prouder artist in Germany to-day than the great pianist, as he is the first artist since the war to receive an invitation to play before a British audience.

SOLDIER-VIOLINIST.

Alfred Barker, whose remarkable playing has charmed Rhineland audiences.

I cannot resist telling a funny incident that occurred during the rehearsal of a Halle Concert in Manchester at which Backhaus was playing. Dr. Hans Richter who conducted the Halle Orchestra in those days, kept glaring at one of the trombone players (a Dutchman), and had to stop the orchestra repeatedly because the man insisted on playing a note quite on his own. At last he was asked to pass his copy down. Richter looked at the offending bar — compared it with his score — looked closer — started poking at the place with his baton, and lo! the note came off!

"What is it you play there? "It is not a note, it is a dead fly!" growled Richter. "Ha" exclaimed the trombone man with great glee: "but I blayed him!"

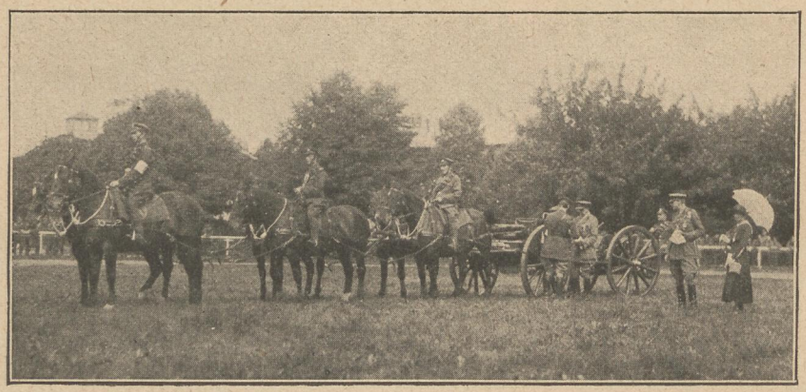
At the Deutsches Theatre here, one evening, the stage manager suddenly dashed about the stage asking his assistants if they knew of a pianist being in the audience. "Yes", said an assistant, "he is sitting in the third row!" "Chuck 'im up then, I wants 'im!" "I can't", said the assistant: "It's Backhaus!"

We have had many of the Opera's best singers at these concerts, and no doubt it has been of much interest to see and hear people like Menzinsky, Achsel, Bender and Clemens in other than operatic guise. The opera in Cologne is of course a household word, and, I am sure, none of us here in Cologne or those who have gone home, will readily forget the excellent performances seen here.

I have been asked innumerable times: How does the Cologne Opera compare with Covent Garden or Sir Thomas Beecham's Opera Company? Well, I could say so much on that subject that I won't say anything at all. In any case space does not permit me, and above all comparison is the most unjust form of criticism: at least that is my opinion.

A Review of Rhineland Sport.

Sport in all its forms has always played and probably always will play an important part in the life of the British soldier. The sporting spirit has, indeed, been claimed—no doubt with considerable truth—to be the main factor of Britain's success at arms.



A SMART ARTILLERY TEAM.
Judges making their tour of inspection at the Cavalry Division Horse show.
Photo: Official.

With the cessation of hostilities, it was only natural that games, necessarily more or less neglected during the years of thunderous noises and the ceaseless screeching shells, should receive a large measure of attention. From the day of the signing of the armistice, the boom in sport increased until, when the troops settled down in their alloted places on the Rhine, the most elaborate schemes were formulated to cope with the enthusiasm and the desire for open air exercise displayed on all hands.

Football, of course, was by far the most extensively indulged in. During the remainder of the winter months, and, for the matter of that, well into the summer months, both the dribbling and handling codes came in for a full measure of popularity.

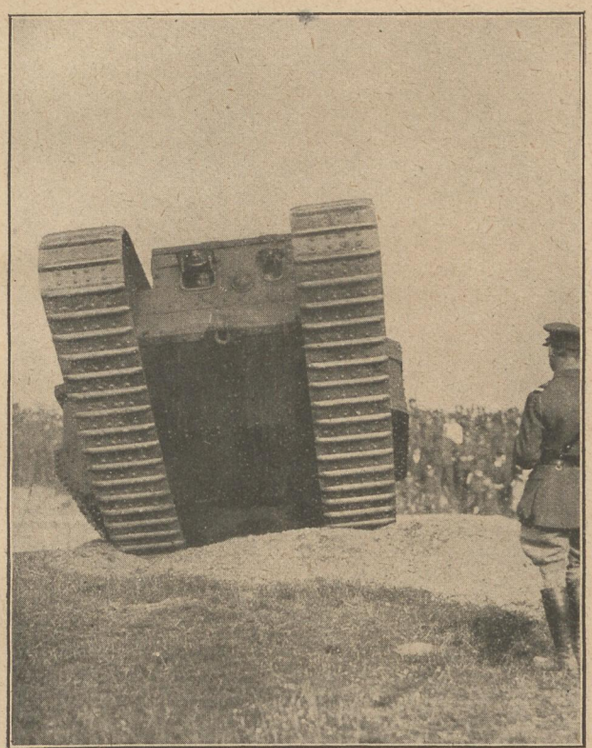
One of the most successful among the organised competitions was the Army Commander's Football Cup, and at the end of March a very large crowd assembled at Blücher Park to witness the final tie, when the 1st Battalion (Queen's Own) Cameron Highlanders beat the 8th Battalion Royal Highlanders (Black Watch).

The first Division did much in the way of encouraging rugby football by arranging a championship which, after many keen and exciting games, was eventually won by the 1/6 Bn. Welsh Regt. There were many other minor football competitions, practically every Battalion having its own.

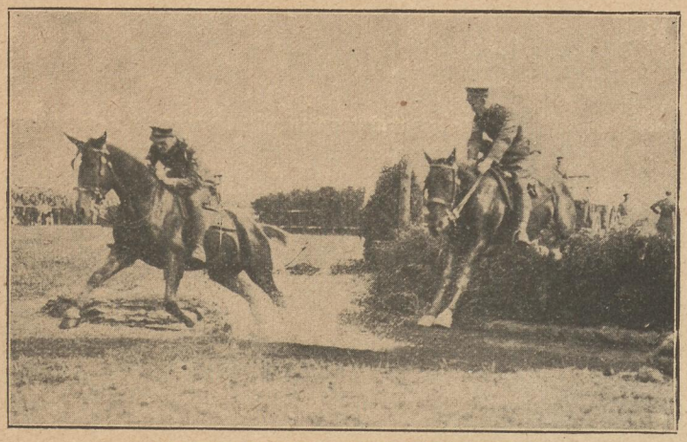
The game was taken up again with considerable zest at the commencement of the present season and several competitions were organised. Among them may be mentioned the Kalk Y.M.C.A. Shield, which was won in October by the 1/6th West Yorks who, in the final, defeated the 23rd Royal Fuseliers by 8 goals to 1. Another successful contest was the 10th Corps Commander's Cup which eventually went to the 84th Brigade R.G.A. by virtue of their defeating the 1/5th Border Regt. after a previous long list of wins.

Summer sports had a particularly successful course. Cricket, naturally, was the first phase to occur to most minds with the arrival of the soft breath of spring, but many turned down "King Willow" as being impracticable chiefly on account of lack of grounds and also by reason of a scarcity of playing gear.

That was where "The Cologne Post" stepped in. Having consulted various experts on both points there was good reason to suppose that, given the necessary encouragement, the game would flourish "The Cologne Post" Cricket Cup competition was born accordingly,

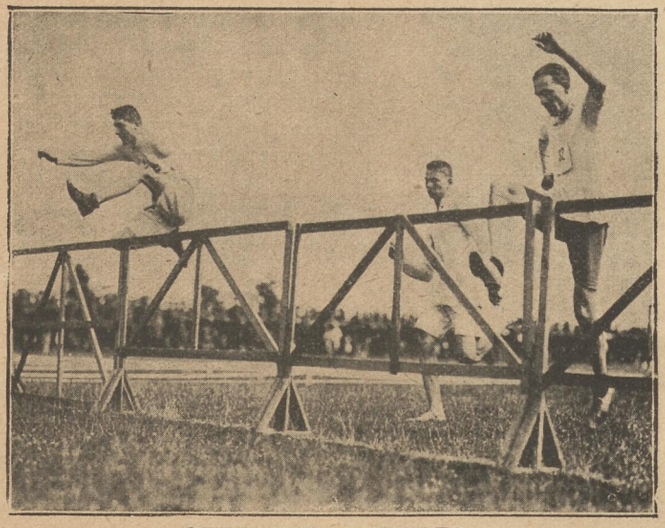


A TANK CONTEST,
A novel and very exciting item in the Sports of the Southern Division was a Tank Obstacle race. *Photo: Official.*



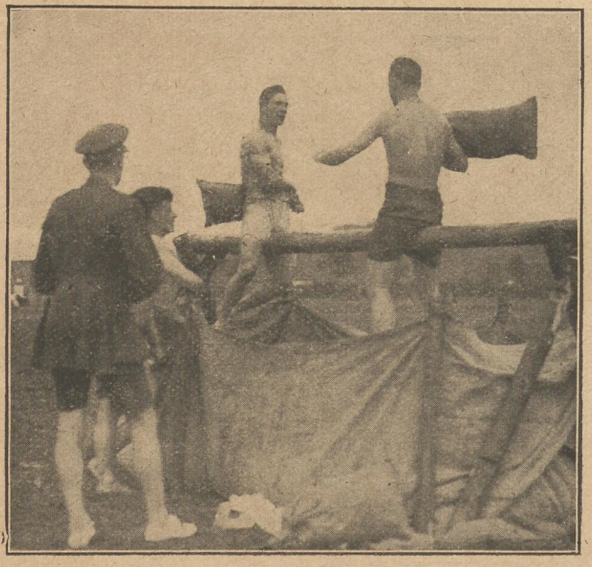
TAKING THE WATER-JUMP.
An incident at the Southern Division Tournament. *Photo : Official.*

FOOTBALL IN RHINELAND.
Col. Bromley Devonport kicks off in the Final of the 2nd Army Medal Competition at Cologne.



OVER THE HURDLES.
A close contest at the Southern Division Sports *Photo : Official.*

RHINELAND ARMY RACES.
Leading in a winner at the Cologne Racecourse.



A SANDBAG FIGHT.
Astride a pole two soldiers' scrap' with sandbags as weapons at the Sports of the Durham Light Infantry.

THE SPORT OF KINGS.
Several highly successful race-meetings have been organised by the Army of Occupation. They have produced magnificent sport and attracted crowds of soldiers and civilians.

and the enthusiasm with which the scheme was received was extremely gratifying to its promotors as well as to those who had at heart the interest of sport in the Army of Occupation.

In a few days about 200 entries had been received, thus providing games for over 2,000 players, twice a week. The cup competition—in which the liveliest interest was displayed by all ranks—was won in the first week in September by the 17th Lancers who, at Lindenthal, defeated the 93rd Bde. R.G.A., the scores being 232 (for 8) and 170 respectively.

The British Rhine Officers' Sports Club did much to popularise, and provide facilities for, tennis by organising tournaments on the splendid courts at Lindenthal, while other ranks were catered for by the Amusements Officer, who took over a number of courts on the Rhine bank. A sustainnd interest in boxing has included capitally organized tournaments under the auspices of the P. and R. T. as well as many Divisional and other unit competitions.

Horse racing was by no means neglected, the Cavalry, the London and the Southern Divisions each organising successful meetings before the Rhine Army Racing Sub-Committee came into being in June and ran several meetings under the name "Cologne Races." The Belgians, not to be behind, held two very successful events at Crefeld when British horses competed (with conspicuous success, be it mentioned) and large numbers of troops travelled to the pretty little town as spectators.

There was a perfect avalanche of sports meetings in the occupied area in June and July and the writer cannot remember a single unit that, at some time during the summer months, did not have an afternoon of athletics. On whit Monday there were no fewer tshan eight meeting in Cologne and its environs alone so that it is safe to assume that in the whole of Rhineland the number must have been very cons'derable indeed. The day after the signing of the Peace Treaty on 28th June, was an occasion for another vigorous outburst of activity in the sports fields.

Perhaps the greatest event in this connection, however, was that organised by the Physical and Recreational Training department, G.H.Q. The Rhine Army Athletic Championship at Riehl interested all, and the sport witnessed there were of a very high standard indeed. Only the best talent participated, the teams having previously had to show their worth in eliminating contests held by Corps, Divisions and Brigades.

Even the "Wrafs" could not resist—under the influence of delightful summer weather—having a "fling" on their own and so they arranged a "Revelry' at Süd Park on behalf of the Old Comrades' Fund which turned out to be successful in every way. Outside our own area, British troops made a little history, also. A number of them travelled down to Coblenz one bright morn' and returned from the American Forces Athletic Carnival with every one of the prizes offered in connection with open events—the only ones in which they were eligible to compete.

Keen efforts on the part of enthusiats, just about kept hockey alive, but it cannot be said that the game thrived to any great extent in Rhineland.

Polo attracted its own little circle, Cavalry officers being the chief participants in the many exciting games that have been played at Kalk, while baseball, which several attempts have been made to popularise, badminton and water polo have attracted but few followers.

Swimming had a very large number of devotees during the days of hot sunshine and there must have been many thousands of Britishers who enjoyed a dip at Rodenkirchen.

Among the less standardised forms of sport, those who were in Rhineland at the beginning of the year and took part in the various hare hunts arranged by units in various parts of the area will not readily forget the vast amount of fun they yielded. The neighbourhood of Düren was exceptionally prolific. One Brigade, which operated round about Golzheim, was very successful in the three chases arranged. Armed with sticks, the troops formed a huge circle and, gradually closing in they secured over 500 hares which, of course, found their way to the cook-house.

FRENCH GENERAL INSPECTS.

General Gourand, accompanied by General Sir William Robertson, inspects the Guards of Honour on the occasion of his visit to Cologne.

(Photo: Official.)

The Education of the Rhine Army.

By Capt. W. E. ROLSTON.

Education is always a difficult problem, but when the Second Army was faced with the task of providing suitable educational facilities for 250,000 grown men, of all educational standards from the absolute illiterate to the University graduate, the difficulty of the problem was infinitely intensified.

A scheme was however, drafted and has been developed with great success by the Education department, first of 2nd Army then of G.H.Q., and has definitely demonstrated that the education of the Army during the period of service is quite practicable and capable of producing results of untold value. No longer need the Army be regarded as a "blind alley" occupation; no longer need the ex-service man return to civil life with no brighter prospects than those of a hall porter or a cinema showman.

Briefly the scheme adopted was this. Each man was to be educated in the unit up to the standard of the 2nd Class Army Certificate and was also to receive instruction in manual training and, where desirable, in agricultural work; the latter by means of unit allotments wherein the town dwellers and small holders might practice.

This provides a means of selecting the men who are capable of receiving benefit from further study and students so selected was passed on to the Divisional or Corps School.

In the former, the Army student could be trained on either General or Commercial lines, up to the matriculation standard, or could develope his land knowledge at the Divisional Agriculture Farm. At the Corps School the mechanic was given a course in the R.E. or M.T. Workshops and in each case the student of promise was passed on, so far as accomodation permitted, to one of the G.H.Q. Colleges where he might follow up any subject to the degree standard.

This scheme appeared to be quite good, it was quite good, and in normal times of peace there is no doubt that it would work easily and produce good results. But on the Rhine "there was no peace" in the spring and early summer. Huge numbers of men were being demobilized, and with many of the remainder "demob" was an obsession. Thus the original object of the 2nd Army College was to provide an opportunity for educated men of any trade or profession to pick up the threads of knowledge lost during the war, whilst awaiting demobilization. Then again, in June, no one knew whether the German Government would sign the peace terms and arrangements had to be made to meet the alternative. Troops had to be moved suddenly, leaving behind them partly worked allotments and unfinished studies.

The G.H.Q. Commercial and General College commenced to function in part of the handsome Handelsschule situated in the Hansa Ring, first dealing in subjects required for B.A. and B.Sc. Radical changes were introduced, however, ere the second course began. The whole of the school was taken over and furnished for adults throughout. Chemistry and Physics laboratories were established and a Commercial Wing was opened up; suitable offices, smoking rooms etc. were also provided.

In April a class for ordinands was constituted and towards the end of July an Art Class was started at a studio in the Kaiser Wilhelm Ring. This has proved most successful, as was demonstrated at the G.H.Q. College Arts and Crafts Exhibition held in October. Original designs have demonstrated the possibilities latent in the army, see, for example, our cover designed by a student of the school.

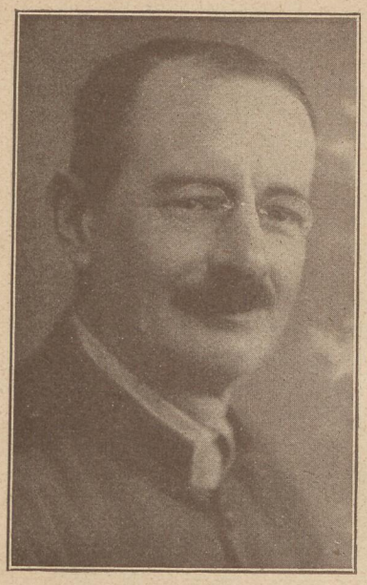
A further development took place in August when, a suitable instructor having been found in Dr. Adcock, singing classes were instituted, the idea being to train a certain number of officers and men in each unit who could develop singing in the units during the long winter evenings. Anyone who has heard one of Dr. Adcock's demonstrations knows how successful this should prove.

So far back as December 1918 the No. 5 G.H.Q.-School of Chemistry established itself in the Landwirtschaftliche Akademie at Bonn and developed into the G.H.Q. Science College to wich was also added the Army Farm. Thus we had, when the first course opened in January, the centre of science training, chiefly agricultural, where many men could learn both the theory and practice of farming. The fact that during August the income from the sale of farm produce amounted to 25,000 marks, demonstrates that such institutions could be made self supporting.

The technical training was assisted by visits to works where different manufactures were being carried out and it is said that the politeness of the German managers in showing parties over their works was only exceeded by their cleverness in concealing the details of any process which they desired to keep secret.

The Technical College became an accomplished fact in June, when it opened its doors to 172 residential students under the able direction of Lt. Col. W. J. Horne, at once a scientist, an engineer and a practical educationist. It was established in Geschossfabrik (Munition Factory) at Siegburg and teaches a large number of trade crafts. As shown at the exhibition of results, the College performed a great deal of good work in teaching men who have previously learned no trade, to become wage-earners of the best possible type.

The Church Army in Occupation.



Mr. R. O. HOWES.
Church Army Commissioner Cologne.
Photo: Hartzenbusch.

There can scarcely be a British officer, N.C.O. or man who has not offered thanks for the cheery welcome afforded and for the brief space of brightness which helped him almost to forget the horrors of yesterday and the terrors of the morrow in the bright, homely huts of the Church Army during the war in France and Flanders.

There was ever a helpful smile and a word of comfort in these little oases in the desert of death.

When the second Army commenced its advance to the Rhine, the Church Army attached, set out for the same objective, and to their credit it must be said that the first contingent arrived in Cologne as early as December 22nd. Mr. E. Phillips, the Commissioner was at once recognised and was greeted on all hands with the cries, "Got any cigarettes?" "Got any soap?" "I ain't had a wash for days", and so on.

Mr. E. PHILLIPS, M.B.E.
Chief Commissioner Church Army.

Realising the situation, steps were taken with characteristic zeal to effect a remedy. The Annexe of the Hotel du Nord was requisitioned that day and on the evening of the 23rd, the stores having arrived, the first canteen for Britishers was oponed in Germany and what a rush there was! The place was literally besieged and stormed; never had the work of the organisation been more welcome or appreciated.

The Canteen in the Hotel du Nord was found to be totally inadequate to accomodate the large numbers of men who clamoured for admission and others were opened in rapid succession on the station, in Antoniter Strasse, the Remount Camp and Coln-Deutz, while later a great acquisition was the opening of the Hotels Mittel Hauser and Zur Post for men on duty. This latter phase of the work has been hugely appreciated.

Cologne having been catered for, attention was then turned to the outlying districts and branches were opened at Bonn, Hilden, Ohligs, Mulheim, Berg.Gladbach, Wiesdorf, Gressenich, Runnersdorf etc. Altogether there were about 35 separate establishments under the direction of the institution.

Naturally it was quite impossible for the pioneers to cope with the vastly extending organisition and many recruits, hailing from England and France, were forthcoming. In August a total strength of 74 workers (including ladies) had been reached.

The coming of the lad/ workers was a highly appreciated move and they entered into their work with zest, setting themselves out to do all in their power to relieve the monotony of life in Germany. In this they were abundantly successful. Not only did they do valuable work in the canteens, but they introduced all kinds of indoor recreations, including whist drives, dances, concerts and so on, which were a great boon to the troops.

The Army of the Rhine owes the Church Army a lasting debt for the Women's Theatre Company, which arrived in Cologne on March 25th. This delightful little party under the direction of Miss Inez Bensusan, gave a series of

THE COLOGNE CLUB.
Where Tommy fround comfort and good cheer.
The Church Army headquarters in Marzellenstrasse.

charming dramatic performances until disbanded later in May. Happily, however, this was not the last the Rhine Army was to see of these talented ladies. They subsequently became members of the Rhine Army Dramatic Company, just then being formed.

A recent innovation, which speaks volumes for the thoughtfulness and enterprise of the promoters, has been the acquisition and allocation of temporary quarters for other ranks bringing their wives to Cologne.

Yet another new deparature which cannot but find favour is the arrival of two ladies who will devote themselves to the organising of musical evenings in the various centres.

With the welfare and happiness of the troops ever to the forefront and with a single eye to this purpose, the Church Army have achieved unqualified success and earned the gratitude of thousands of men in khaki.

The Cologne Catholic Soldiers' Club.

Unostentatiously, in Herzog Strasse, just off the Hohe Strasse, great work has been performed by the Cologne Catholic Club, not only for men of its own faith, but for any soldier who entered its comfortable precincts, for it is no respecter of persons or denominations, all being equally welcome. The result is that ever since the institution came into being it has become increasingly popular, and never lacks the patronage in huge crowds of the Britisher in Cologne.

The club is a branch of the Catholic Huts for Soldiers organisation, for the formation of which Mr. Stephen Graham, a nephew of the Earl of Denbigh, was almost solely responsible. The birth of the organisation was in 1914, shortly after the outbreak of war, when Mr. Harding early realised the great need and opened, with the help of a band of voluntary workers, the first canteen at Westminster. Then came the call for such work among the fighting troops on the soil of France, and the little band immediately responded and carried their work across the channel, opening up branches at Havre, Rouen, Calais and Boulogne, and later at Abbeville and Cayeux.

As soon as permission was obtained to open such an organisation in Cologne, the R.C. Garrison Chaplain, Rev. T. A. Harker, was commissioned to find a suitable building, eventually hitting upon the present site. Early in March the top story of the building was thrown open as a club, containing a reading room, writing room and a canteen, the place being made wonderfully comfortable. At this time there were only two regular workers, Mr. Harding himself, and Rev. Father Harker, but a number of soldiers were found to be only too ready to give voluntary assistance. Later the whole building was taken over and utilised, and the middle of April saw the advent of a number of lady helpers.

Mr. Harding remained as head of the club until the institution was running smoothly, and then returned to England, being relieved by Brigadier General J. M. Gordon (retired), who in turn was compelled to relinquish the work in June.

The present leader, Mr. Ivan B. S. Holway, who succeeded General Gordon, joined the club in March, and at first acted in the capacity of assistant to the Controller.

The club has become famous throughout Rhineland because of the ten pfennig cup of tea, which it has always supplied, and it is the only institution in Cologne, it is understood, to charge consistently such a small sum.

So that the Cologne Catholic Club may be said to have accomplished a worthy work. Happily the measure of success is not to be judged by the size of such an institution but rather by the amount of good cheer, comfort and help served out to the British Army of the Rhine. And thousands will be ready to bear testimony to the fact that in this particular it has not been found wanting.

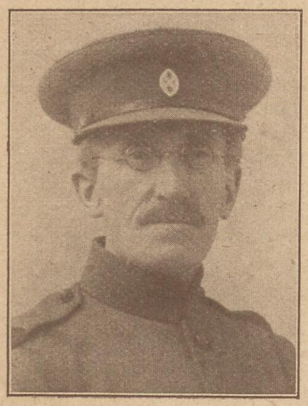
JACK'S MASCOT.

The Naval Flotilla keeping the watch on the Ratch on the Rhine is proud of its ped monkey it is having its first lesson in smoking.

Photo: Official.

The Scottish Churches Huts

by R.F. GARDINER.



GEORGE McALPINE ESQ.
General Secretary
Scottish Churches' Huts.

The Scottish Huts began, not with the war, but in 1904 when Mr. W. H. Ramsay proposed to the Annual Conference of the Young Men's Guild of the Church of Scotland that they should do something for the lads in the Territorial Camps then being set up in different parts of Scotland, but particularly at Stobs, away on the border amidst the scenery which Scott has immortalised. Here in 1904 the Church of Scotland began that work which enabled her to lead the other Scottish Churches in the hour of their country's need.

SOME CHURCH ARMY OFFICIALS.
Left to right: Col. Morrison D.A.P.C. Mr. R. F. Gardiner, Business manager, The Rev. W. Butteray, Superintendent, Mr. David Foulis, Chashier, and (sitting) Miss Halliday.

The Committee of the Church of Scotland under which this work was first begun is that known as the Life and Work Committee, which was the creation of the late Prof. Charteris of Edinburgh University, who in his lifetime gathered round him the best and most progressive elements in the Church, both lay and cleric. Mr George McAlpine, the Secretary of this Committee, with its multifarious sub-committees, has added to these duties that of Secretary to the Scottish Churches Huts Joint Committee during the whole of its history.

So much for the personalities. What of the work? Well, it has spoken for itself, "like good wine, it needs no bush." Soldiers returning to Canada, men with a Presbyterian descent, have told what the Churches of Scotland were doing for the lads at the front.

In base camps like Etaples and Beaumarais; in engineering centres like Andruicy and Beaurainville; at road-sides where men passed, all day to and from other camps, like Rang du Fliers and St. Valery on the Somme, in convalescent camps like Cayeux and far-off Trouville; in busy towns our clubs were to be found—each with its own special sphere—in Calais for the men at the docks, in Boulogne catering for the crowds of men passing back and forward across the channel, in Rouen for the men in the Record, and other, offices. Even G.H.Q. was invaded and there on the ramparts of that town, where Jean Valjean, whom Victor Hugo has made famous, was Mayor, the Scottish Churches shield was a landmark.

And the workers — who were they? Ministers of busy congregations, men who often had great difficulties in getting away for the prescribed period of four months, some of them had already "done their bit" at home by helping other ministers to get away, and so taking on a double load of work. Ladies came, from all parts of Scotland, from busy houses where they could ill be spared, ladies of leisure, and others whose time was fully occupied—they came, and like Caesar, they saw, and they conquered. He was a pretty hard case who did not thaw out under their influence. I remember at the time of the great push when the enemy was almost at the gates of Amiens, I had just come back from one of the most exciting journeys I ever had, held up all night on a loop-line, that train-loads of men and munitions might be pushed up to a "front", then not far distant. One went out of all the bustle of excitement into one of our huts and one was at once in different atmosphere, everything was

THE JOCKS' OWN.
A typical Scottish Churches Club where Scots and other soldiers could foregather.

calm and peaceful. War and all its horrors seemed far away. Men sitting writing letters, or joining in a game, or reading the papers. Even at the time of the Etaples bombing, the Huts went on with their work as if nothing had happened. When a bomb nearly shattered one of our large huts in that Camp, we had it ready and open again in a fortnight.

And on the Rhine, away from war with its "excursions and alarums" it was the same story. In Cologne, the centre of the life of the Army of the Rhine, at Solingen, at Godesberg, and back at Düren our clubs were centres of life and in the smaller centres like Bedburg and Zons, and across the Rhine at Wald and Benrath our Club was the men's club par excellence.

And the outcome of it. Nothing good ever dies. To believe anything else would be to live in a world of despair, and to belie the message of Christmas. Who shall say where and when the influence of these centres of life and of work shall cease? H.G. Wells has given us pictures of the wars of the future unrelieved by a single gleam of light, but it is not so. There is always a silver lining to the darkest cloud. What would the war of 1914—18 have been without the ministrations of so many Christian men and women in the Huts and Clubs opened by so many different Societies.

A Christmas in the Orient.

So fixed in the minds of the Briton are the traditions and associations of Christmas, that even the gigantic European war and the consequent upheaval of regular habits, could not alter them.

For the strange conditions under which a number of us found ourselves at Christmas 1914 and the even stranger ones during the later stages of the war, there was no precedent, but in a manner typically English we adjusted ourselves, and wherever one found an "outpost of the Empire" at the Christmas season, one found festivity — climatic and other conditions notwithstanding.

My Christmas 1915, was almost a tragedy. The Division I was with was sent to the East in the early spring of that year, and evacuated the Gallipoli Peninsula towards the end of December. Next it went to Mudros, and after a series of minor misadventures reached a camp between Cairo and Alexandria, on the Libian desert.

On the Division's arrival this spot was a camp only by courtesy and it earned this title because of a huge water pipe which was to supply us all with water. This delectable spot was reached late in the evening of the 23rd December, and the morning of the 25th found us all housed in tents but with little or no supplies and small hopes of getting any. The day's ration consisted of Bully and the hardest of hard biscuits, tea sans sugar or milk, helped out by yams, the small sweet potatoes that are fairly plentiful out East.

During the afternoon a number of Arab boys reached the camp and sold tomatoes, which for us that day deputised to the much vaunted Christmas pudding. The lack of supplies was obviously a misfortune that could not have been avoided, and about four o'clock in the afternoon we had settled down to enjoy ourselves, when fate in the shape of a sandstorm overstook us. The heat had been bearable (it was not more than 90 in the shade) and thus, not being well versed in Egyptian weather lore, we were not all suspicious when a strongish, hot wind sprang up. It grew stronger, the air was filled with dustlike particles of sand which adhered readily to our moist countenances.

Inside the tent was the only place, and there, gasping for breath we told each other of more usual happenings on previous Christmases. Darkness came, but not the usual evening "coolth" No one slept much during the night and the early hours of light found the sandstorm's finish. What a relief, coming out into the open air after having been confined to our tents for over twelve hours; but what a shock! All our kits had been lined up outside our tents, and we had only taken inside just those things we wanted. All we had left outside were buried. What a Boxing day we had digging for our cherished belongings — some of which we never found again!

Hopeless though the dawn of December 26th that year was, one episode stands out in very pleasant relief — a horde of Arab ruffians reached the camp with chocolate and oranges — tomatoes too. English was a strange tongue to the "Gyppies" in those days, and a small youth loaded with oranges was shouting quite gleefully. "Tomats! very nice, very good, very clean."

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General Sir Charles Fergusson. A Snapshot by the Rhine.

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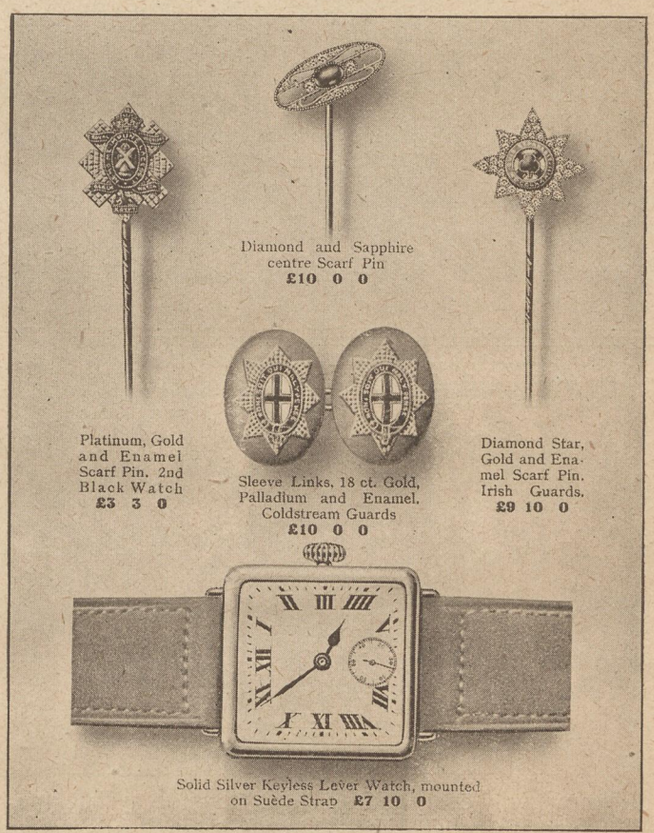

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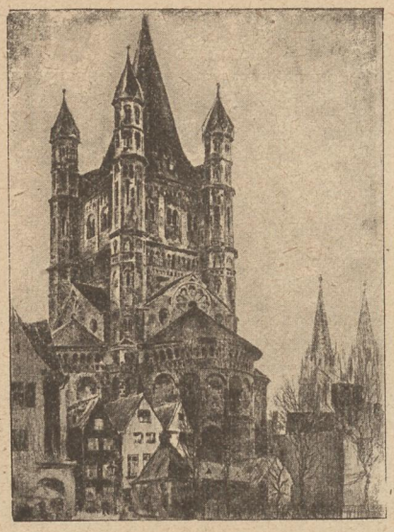

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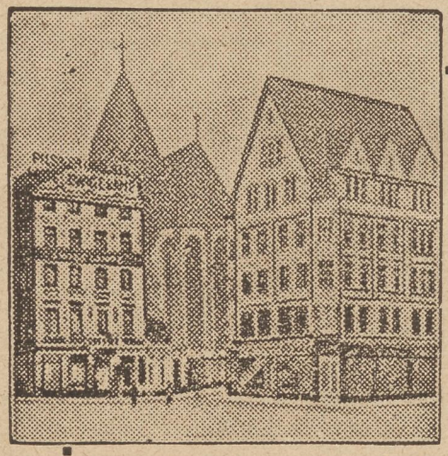

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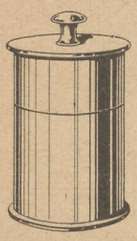

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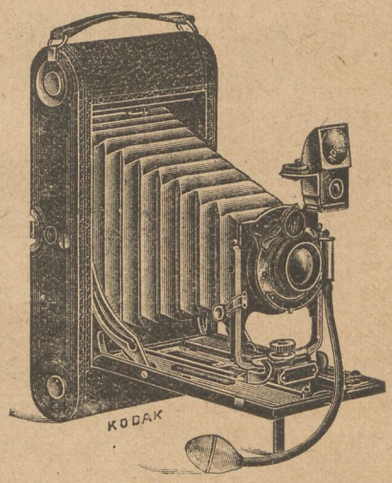

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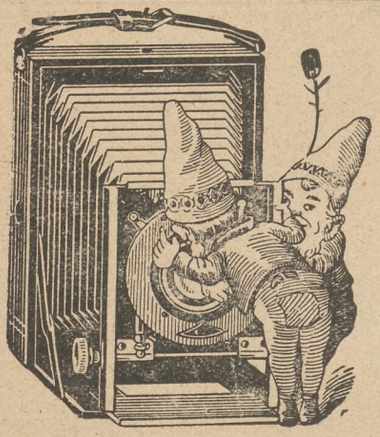

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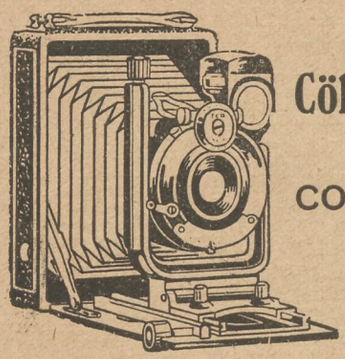

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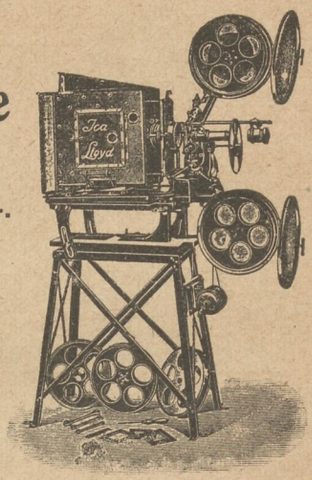

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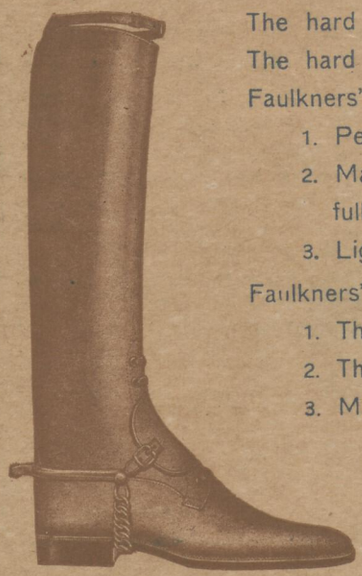

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